A THRILLING SERIAL BY CONSTANCE B. WILLARD WILL BEGIN SOON.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXII, NO. 38. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1904. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

THE VANISHED CLEW;

OR

THE SKILL OF DETECTIVE KEENEYES. By J. Breckenridge Ellis.

[Copyright by the Author.]

Begun in No. 37, Sept. 10. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or my mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER V.

Keeneyes was awakened from his reverie by hearing a clock strike nine. He started up, and turned on the electric light. "That west window is on my conscience," he whispered. It was a habit he had fallen into during his lonely life—that of whispering to himself, and smiling or looking grave over the words his ears alone could hear. He approached the window and soon found the two nails that held down the sash. "I know I should enjoy the view afforded by the wing where Grape Finley lodges," he whispered, crossing to his trunk which had come during the long-delayed supper. Opening it, he drew forth a tack-hammer, then went back to the window. He was prying up the first nail when he heard footsteps in the hall. Hastily thrusting the hammer into his breast-pocket, he unfastened his door and admitted Gregory Windinham.

"I am afraid," said Keeneyes, "it is too early to examine the cellar, for if I were found there, the secret of my being a detective would be out."

"Yes," said Gregory wearily, "it is too early. I have come to have a chat with you." He sank in a chair and having offered the other a cigar, began to smoke silently. Keeneyes watched the blond face, and the smoke curling above the light, silken hair. If at any time he had felt his liking for the head of the house waver, it now returned with renewed force. If the features under scrutiny were not those of a strong man, surely they were those of a gentle and friendly one.

"Sloan," said Gregory at last, looking up and smiling into the eyes which watched him, "you, too, if I am not mistaken, have suffered. True, your manner is cheerful—you are not one to complain of misfortunes. I like you the more for that. Perhaps some day I may be able to throw off my clouds—God knows!"

"My dear fellow," said Keeneyes, "every trouble is like a fire. Keep fuel from it, and it must die out. The ashes remain, but they can be covered over. Well, thought is the fuel of trouble. So don't think about your clouds. The reason I am a detective—it is to take my mind away from my own life. Yes, I have suffered; and it is now my life's work to prevent the suffering that has befallen me and mine."

"Do you mean," asked Gregory, "that some crime was committed which was never exposed?"

"I do. The crime was committed, and no detective skillful enough to unravel the mystery was found."

"It is wonderful," said Gregory, "how many murders have been committed, and passed unavenged."

"Not so many as you imagine," returned the young man. "In the case I refer to, an innocent man suffered. That's the rule—if not the guilty, the innocent; but the real criminal is almost certain to be found sooner or later."

"Now, in the case of my——" Gregory smoked.

"I shall find the murderer," said Keeneyes, confidently.

"Surely," said Gregory, "you have not already arrived at the point of suspecting——"

"I feel quite sure," said Keeneyes, "that I know who the criminal is. But I have not the vestige of a clew, and no motive to adduce. Of course, my theory may be all wrong; in that case, no one could discard it more cheerfully than I."

"Would you mind telling if you think it a man or a woman?" inquired Gregory, eagerly.

"Yes, excuse me," said the other pleasantly, "just at this point I should mind extremely. And you say these clouds press upon your mind?"

"Naturally," returned Gregory, "while I think Chase Hunter is lying in ambush to slaughter the entire family, I am a prey to disturbing thoughts."

"Where does this Chase Hunter live?" inquired the other.

"Buckrock, Kentucky," said the former, sinking into profound revery. Keeneyes finding him despondent, said no more, but taking from his trunk the papers describing the murder of Giles Windinham, read with absorbed interest. He had read them all before, but that was when he had no thought of being called in as the detective. Now he studied every detail with the most patient care.

"By the way," he said, suddenly looking up from a picture of the victim as he lay dead in a sea of printer's ink, "had your father married twice?"

"How?" asked Gregory, startled from gloomy thought. "Oh, I beg your pardon—only once. Our mother died about five years ago. She is buried in the new Colburg cemetery. I will show you the grave in the morning, if you like."

"Thank you," said Keeneyes, resuming his reading. The clock struck eleven, Keeneyes put away the papers.

"Sloan," said Gregory, rising suddenly, "I can't go down into that cellar with you tonight. I feel all unnerved. It would bring back everything—the terrible shock, and the sight of—just as it was. But you won't mind going with a servant, will you? He can tell you and show you everything."

"That's all right," said Keeneyes gently, "I do not wonder at your shuddering to enter the cellar where you were the first to find your murdered father. And the servant—"

"I will send Grape Finley," said Gregory with an air of relief.

Keeneyes felt a little tingle of aversion at the name. "Did you not say his mind was out of fix?"

"It's a little astray on some points," said the other, "but whose minds are not? If you prefer, I will go with you; but it would be like tearing open the wound again, and Grape Finley is thoroughly reliable."

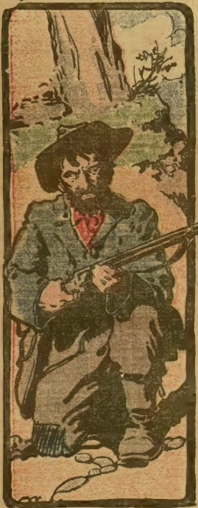
"It shall be as you wish," said Keeneyes. "So good-night. At what hour shall I rise in the morning?"

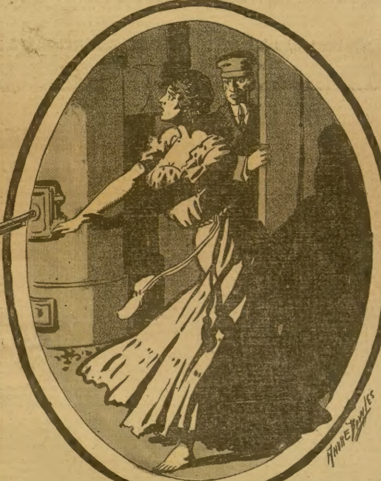
"Suit yourself, as to that," was the reply as Gregory approached the door.

"But I mean—when do you have breakfast?"

"Oh, just any time," said Gregory indifferently. "Don't worry about breakfast. Good-night." And he was gone.

It was about half an hour later that a low tap came at the door. Keeneyes opened it and confronted Grape Finley. The lights had been turned off in the halls. The man carried a lighted lantern. He stood in that attitude of one about to spring which Keeneyes had first observed. His head was drawn down between his shoulders and at the same time inclined forward; his knees were crooked and his large feet slightly raised upon their toes, so that his heels appeared not to touch the floor. His eyes, which were a pale, undecided blue, gazed upon the detective with a peculiarly inexpressive stare. The detective was most unpleasantly affected.





"You know what Gregory requires?" Keeneyes whispered.

Grape Finley nodded, and turning, led the way down the hall, his feet making not the least sound. The stealthy, steady walk caused Keeneyes to assure himself again that his pistol was safe. Grape Finley stole down the stairs and through the lower hall, never turning his head to right or left, never pausing, or making the least sound—always bending slightly forward as if to leap. The lantern's light gave a lonesome flitting gleam to the listening walls.

They entered the dining-room where Keeneyes had made the acquaintance of the pretty, magnetic Henrietta Windinham—then the kitchen. Here at last the servant paused. Placing the lantern upon the floor, he lifted a table in his arms and with surprising strength carried it noiselessly to another part of the room. Then returning, he pulled at an iron ring in the floor, and raised the trapdoor. A cold, cellar breath rose in their faces.

Grape Finley who, thus far had not spoken a word, took up the lantern again, and descended narrow wooden steps. Keeneyes watched him disappear through the floor with greater aversion than ever, but he followed without pausing to gratify his sensations. They reached the ground. Shelves of fruit cans, jars, crocks, etc., surrounded them. On the farther side was a door and toward this Grape crept as if it were his intention to jump upon it and take it prisoner. He opened it and passed into a second room. Keeneyes followed.

It was a large room of rough stone walls. In the center stood the furnace. Against the west wall was heaped about a ton of coal. It rose in the form of a half-pyramid. Against the south wall was heaped another ton. The two heaps mingled at their bases. Many pipes rose from the furnace. There was a chair lying overturned, and beyond it, an ax, upon the ground. Grape Finley set the lantern at the base of the western heap of coal, then retreated, and looked at Keeneyes.

"Where that lantern sits," he said in a husky voice, "is where Mr. Windinham's head laid. Ever'thing in here is jest like we foun' it when we heerd Miss Pinn's screeches and come down the steps, Mr. Gregory comin' first, an' me last. Here he laid." Grape Finley drew a long, cruel-looking knife from his pocket, and with the blade traced an imaginary form upon the ground. "There laid the cheer, knocked over," he added, straightening himself as far as he ever allowed his joints to straighten, "and there laid the ax, as you see it, the aidge bloodied as you kin see." As he lifted the ax and held the reddened blade toward Keeneyes, still holding his open knife in one hand, he made a wild, threatening figure which in spite of Keeneyes' natural bravery, chilled him to the heart. "The man that done it," continued Grape, "I imagine was like this. Now like you was Mr. Windinham, standin' there, and like I am the man that done it, I creeps up." As he spoke he carefully lifted one of his large flat feet, and making an enormous step, alighted upon it close to Keeneyes with his other leg stretched behind as if in the act of running.

"And had I been Mr. Giles Windinham," said Keeneyes, swiftly drawing his pistol, "I would have told you, 'Just take another step and you are a dead man!' "

Grape laughed softly, and returned the ax to it's place. "P'raps he never seed the murd'rer," he chuckled, "as he was knocked in the back of the head. Mr. Gregory said you wanted to be alone. Must I go, now?"

"Tell me first," said Keeneyes, "if everything in this room is exactly as it was found the morning after the deed?"

"Exact," returned Grape hoarsely. "Nobody has been let come in here since the inquest."

"Even this?" said Keeneyes, suddenly stooping and picking up a small piece of shingle. "Was this here that morning?"

Finley stared at the bit of wood. "They ain't nobody been here but the fambly," he said. "I don't know nothing about that. Like enough it was some of the furnace kindling. Looks harmless enough."

"But you never saw it before?"

"Don't know whether I did or not."

"All right. You can leave the lantern, then."

Grape Finley departed, gliding as noiseless as a spectre. When he was gone, Keeneyes softly closed the door between the two rooms of the cellar.

CHAPTER VI.

Keeneyes had no intention of working until he had assured himself safe from observation. After waiting a brief time, he carried the lantern to the wall, and suddenly opened the cellar door. He was just in time to see Grape Finley's stealthy legs disappearing through the kitchen trapdoor. He felt relieved. Sure, now, that Finley had been ordered by Gregory to return to his wing of the house, the detective again closed the door in the partition-wall. He looked carefully all about the rock-bound room, but there was nothing in its general appearance to distinguish it from the usual furnace-basement. If the many pipes, in their twistings, bore a sinister look, one must account for that fact by his knowledge of the murder that had been committed in the place. Carrying the lantern wherever he went, Keeneyes first examined the overturned chair, which lay at some distance from the spot where Grape Finley had traced the imaginary form of the victim. Beyond the chair lay the ax, its head toward the former. It was not long before he found a fresh cut in the back of the chair, stained with red. He then knew that after the murderer had committed the deed, he had hurled the ax from him. In his flight, the ax had struck the chair, knocked it over, and continued its flight about six feet.

Keeneyes placed the lantern where, according to Finley, the dead man's head had rested. Then carrying the ax near, he stood where the chair lay between him and the spot where the ax had lain. Thus he was enabled to ascertain with almost mathematical precision where the murderer had stood. There had been no struggle. One blow in the back of the head had consummated the crime. Giles Windinham had fallen face down. The detective marked with small bits of coal the spots where the victim and his assassin must have stood, then, after restoring the ax to its position, carried the lantern to these spots and carefully examined the ground. It was an illegible page of coaldust. It told him nothing. He next examined the ground where he had picked up the piece of shingle. Nothing could have looked less like a clew in a murder case than the small bit of kindling found, as it had been near the furnace, where kindling might naturally be found; but to Keeneyes it was of vital importance. He had expected to find it there hours before he visited the cellar.

With much greater care than he had scrutinized the positions of the chief actors in the tragedy, he surveyed the ground where the pine strip had been found. He softly passed his hand here and there over the hard earth. Suddenly his hand stopped. It had found a slight depression. He traced it with sensitive fingers. Two faint lines were marked in the ground, meeting at right angles. There was nothing in these lines of a mysterious nature, yet he seemed to read in them a secret message. He nodded his head. "Of course," he whispered to himself.

Presently he rose, and approached the west heap of coal at the foot of which Giles Windinham had been struck down. Kneeling, he looked up the black slant. It was regular in its slope save where large lumps stood out from the soft dust. He slowly moved the lantern along the edge, and again suddenly his hand paused upon the ground. Here again were the two lines, forming a right angle, but this time the lines were much longer, and deeper. It had been difficult to form them on the hard dirt-floor, but on the coal dust the impression had been clearly defined. "Of course," whispered Keeneyes.

There was a window at the top of the south heap of coal. It was a grated window, and the outside shutters were closed. The south heap was hard coal; that where the old man had been murdered was soft. Keeneyes examined the furnace carefully. It was a hard coal furnace. He looked about for a coal scoop. There was none. He went to a distant corner where some brooms and buckets stood, hoping to find a shovel or spade of some kind. He was disapointed. "Good thing it's summer time," Keeneyes whispered to himself. Then he smiled. It was a very peculiar smile, devoid of cheer, but pregnant with meaning, cold, shrewd, and as short-lived as it was brilliant. In its light his dark eyes glowed like stars.

With the lantern he traced the coaldust which had been scattered from the two heaps, and lay like fine black hail over the hard ground. This dust, distinct from the half-pyramids, formed a triangle upon the ground, the vertex toward the furnace. The base was almost as wide as the base of the western half-pyramid of soft coal. He examined the dust critically. Almost all of it was soft coal.

He walked to the door in the partition, and examined the earth with minute care. In a very short time his fingers found two faint lines, meeting at right angles. "Through the door," he whispered, and opened it. He passed into the next room, and looked critically at the narrow steps leading up to the kitchen. "Down there, but not up," whispered the young man. He looked about. Everywhere were provisions, fruit jars, smoked meat, crocks of milk, heaps of potatoes newly gathered, and green apples. None of these things interested him. He found the window. It, too, was grated with the outside shutters closed. He approached it. It was perhaps ten feet from the floor. It might be easily reached by drawing to it a framework upon which shelves had been fastened to hold jars. It was a heavy and cumbrous piece of undressed work. One must drag it to the window in order to climb out. Keeneyes examined the ground; the frame had in fact been dragged thither at some time, perhaps the night of the murder.

And if it had been dragged thither that night, there should be two faint lines somewhere marked upon the ground, meeting at right angles. He hunted for them. He found them at the foot of the wall beneath the barred window.

Having found them, he returned, as if satisfied, to the inner room, closing the door behind him. One of his suspicions had been confirmed; he believed all of them had been; yet the very confirmation made by the two faint lines threw him into perplexity. He had believed he would find them, or something like them, but he did not know why they should have been made. In other words, he had felt certain that which made the lines had been brought to the cellar, then carried away; but why had it been brought thither? "We will have to get a scoop," he whispered. "Perhaps we can borrow one from a neighbor." His eye lighted up sarcastically, but the point seemed too obvious to elicit a second smile.

He began to examine the buckets, brooms, etc., methodically, though he had no hope of finding out more on this first visit. Suddenly he became aware that his eyes were not performing their usual good service. He glanced hastily toward the lantern. It's flame was beginning to flutter and pale. "I am afraid," whispered Keeneyes, "that they have forgotten to fill up the lantern." Again he smiled, more bitterly than before. In this scene of the murder, Keeneyes was no man's friend. He stood as a representative of justice and retribution, ready to crush the one who might have been dearest.

The light sank lower. He was starting toward it to turn up the wick, when the partition door slowly opened. He drew his pistol and waited. The door continued to move. At last it stopped, and there was a pause. His position was behind it. He waited with rapid heartbeats. Was Grape Finley waiting for the light to die out before rushing into the subterranean chamber?

There was a gleam of white past the edge of the door, then a form slowly entered. It was Henrietta Windinham. She was all in white, her hair streaming over her nightrobe. As she moved forward, her bare feet were distinctly visible. He had never seen feet so beautiful, save in statuary. He could not see her face and he dared not move lest she become aware of his presence. The robe rested low upon her neck, and the loveliness of her hair and form were softly revealed by the dim light. But he felt now no responsive thrill. He was a soldier upon guard, challenging friend and foe alike.

Henrietta's white feet glided to the spot where her murdered father had lain. There they paused. The maiden slowly extended her bare arms and wrung her hands. A moan escaped her lips. The light rose and fell in threatening waves, then became extinct. Not the least mist of light now relieved the gloom of the death-chamber. With bated breath the young man stood waiting for he knew not what. The two faint lines upon the ground, he had anticipated. But he had associated them with a very different person. The appearance of Henrietta threatened to overturn his carefully wrought theory.

CHAPTER VII.

The keen eyes of the young detective availed him nothing in the complete darkness of the inner cellar. The advantage, however, was upon Richard Zeller's side, since he had seen Henrietta Windinham, and she was unaware of his presence. It seemed a long time since the lantern had burned out, but it was in reality only a few moments, when Henrietta moved from the spot where her murdered father had rested at the foot of the western coal heap. In spite of her bare feet and her light tread, he knew when she began her return to the door. The faint rustle of her nightdress came to him, and as she drew nearer, the intangible sweet perfume of her presence was upon his senses.

She reached the door and passed through without closing it. So perfectly did she know the way that at no time was there a hesitation in her steady course. He prepared to follow, though he feared a false step might betray his presence, but he was arrested by a sudden sound, high up in the wall. It came from the position of the grated window. His impulse was to dart behind the furnace and wait for an appearance of the intruder, but time was not given. In an instant the outside shutters were flung noisily open, and the light of a lantern flashed over the sombre slopes of coal.

In this sudden light appeared the face of a man who evidently lay flat upon the ground in order to gaze down into the cellar. The living picture thus presented was a wild and savage one. The man wore no hat, and his long shaggy black hair was matted over his forehead, scarce leaving space for the eyes to look forth. A bushy beard and side whiskers covered the lower part of his face. He wore a black shirt, over which leather suspenders crossed. The face, the hair, the shoulders were thrown into glaring relief by the lantern which was placed upon the ground a little before him. The man examined the cellar. Presently he discovered Keeneyes standing near the door.

"Ha!" he cried in a hoarse, furious voice. One of his hands instantly appeared beside the lantern, and there was the gleam of a pistol. "Death to the Windinhams!" he cried coarsely.

The pause necessary for the utterance of this threat had given Keeneyes the opportunity to draw his own weapon. Almost—it seemed at the very moment his hand darted into his pocket for his pistol—it exploded. The lantern was shattered and its light extinguished. There was no answering report. The intruder's pistol remained undischarged. Keeneyes leisurely walked from the place, feeling his way with hand and foot. He reached the ladder under the kitchen floor and slowly ascended. It was intensely dark in the kitchen. The outside door stood open. Keeneyes' felt his way to the table where Henrietta had perched before supper. He seated himself and clasped his knee in his hands as if in profound thought.

He had not remained thus long before a door in the second story was thrown open, and bare feet were heard running down the stairs. Suddenly the electric light was turned on. "Sloan," called Gregory Windinham in an agitated voice, "O, Sloan!"

"Ay, ay, captain," returned Keeneyes, descending from the table, and passing through the dining-room to the hall door. "What cheer?"

The blonde appeared greatly excited. He was in his nightclothes, his flaxen hair in the utmost confusion. "You are not injured," he exclaimed. "What was that shot?"

"It was Towser," said the detective, drawing and showing his pistol. "He barked."

"Then there was nothing. Then you were undisturbed?" cried Gregory in a tone of relief. "Were you not in the cellar?" He stood leaning upon the balustrade, still slightly trembling.

"Brother!" came the voice of his oldest sister, Lucy, "what has happened?" Her usually calm voice quivered with high excitement.

"Nothing, Miss Windinham," called Keeneyes. "Do not be alarmed. My pistol went off. It serves me right for carrying one about. Nobody is hurt."

"Are you there, Gregory?" Lucy persisted.

"Yes, yes, go back to bed, Lucy, I'm all right," returned Gregory. "Don't wake up Henrietta."

When they heard Lucy's door close, Gregory asked in a low voice, "What was it?"

Keeneyes seated himself upon the staircase and looked up at the troubled face. "I was in the cellar mooning around, when the window opened and Hunter Chase showed me his face by the light of a lantern. He cried out, 'Death to the Windinhams!' for you see he didn't know I was Keeneyes of Kentucky; so to prevent him from making a mistake, I shot his light. Oh, it's all right."

"Hunter Chase!" cried Gregory. "Do you mean Chase Hunter?"

"Ah, sure enough."

"But how do you know it was the feudist?" demanded Gregory more and more disquieted.

"Why! who else should it be? He had a bushel of hair on his face and a black shirt with leather suspenders."

"And this villain is now hiding about the house!" cried Gregory, nervously clasping his hands. "Oh, this is intolerable! He may be making plans to enter at this moment and murder my sister or—I will telephone to town for help."

"No, I wouldn't," said Keeneyes. "Get me a lantern and I'll go out and scare up the old boy."

"Never!" cried Gregory. "I'll not have you shot on account of my father's feud."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of Chase Hunter," said Keeneyes easily. "I rather like the old dog. He's so bluff and open-souled, calling out his intentions instead of carrying them into execution. All I want is a lantern with a little more oil in it than that one I had in the cellar."

"Do you mean that rascal Grape Finley gave you an empty lantern? I'll go rouse him up. All three of us will investigate the premises, with Jake Mahoney."

"Good!" cried Keeneyes, extending his legs and dropping his chin upon his breast. "I'll wait till you're ready. If Chase Hunter waits for our little party, I could give him a few points in feuding, however."

Gregory looked at the detective doubtfully. The young man appeared sleepy. "Did you make any discoveries in the cellar?" he asked as he was about to turn away.

"Well, I was pretty tired from my trip down here," said Keeneyes drowsily, "and I didn't feel much like stirring around. I can't say I had much luck. There was only one slight clew I found of any moment."

"A clew!" exclaimed Gregory. "Will you not tell me what it was?"

Keeneyes yawned, then said hastily, "Excuse me, I ought to be abed this moment. Why, yes, I will tell you, if you promise me to ask nothing more."

"I shall ask you to tell nothing your professional instinct warns you to keep secret," said Gregory with the kindly smile of a perfect gentleman.

"Thank you. Well, then, it was a woman."

"My God!" cried Gregory, staggering and wildly clutching the balustrade to prevent himself from falling.

"Good heavens, my friend!" cried Keeneyes, springing up and grasping the other's arm, "what's the matter?"

"How—how could you tell?" stammered Gregory, still swaying like a drunken man. His face was ashen pale.

"There were all the usual signs," said Keeneyes. "Old fellow, you are ill. You're in no condition to be chasing Chase Hunter. Get me a lantern and get me my Grape Finley, and let me go."

"But a woman!" cried Gregory, his voice shaking. "A woman could never have done it with that ax—and see how far it was thrown after the blow was struck!"

"Why, Gregory," said Keeneyes, drawing back and staring at him, "you are talking about one thing and I, about another. I said nothing about your father's murderer, but about a clew I found."

"Wel—but—but you said—"

"I said I found a woman. That was all. Now for the lantern."

Gregory passed his hand nervously over his face. "I can't understand you, sir," he said. "Did you not say it was a woman who killed my—my—"

"No, no, it was a woman I found in the cellar."

"A woman! In the cellar! A—Are you joking?"

"No, no, Gregory, it was a live, moving woman."

"Oh, a live woman!" echoed Gregory. "do you mean a woman came into the cellar while you were there?"

"My professional instinct, my dear fellow," said Keeneyes, "warns me that while we stand here discussing this woman—concerning whom I can tell you nothing more—our Chase Hunter may be on his way to his native stills."

"Is she there now?"

"She may have gone back. Anything may have happened by this time."

Gregory lifted his face. It wore a look of intense relief. "I'll call Grape," he said.

CHAPTER VIII.

Keeneyes waited patiently at the foot of the hall stairs until Gregory returned with Grape Finley. The latter carried a lantern. Gregory had hastily invested himself in outer garments, while Finley had the appearance of one who never undressed. He came stealing down the steps, his arms somewhat akimbo, his knees bent in such a manner that to pass from step to step he seemed to reach farther than his companion, and his eyes looking straight ahead. He carried a gun in one hand, the lantern in the other. Gregory was armed with a couple of pistols. "I have been scolding Grape," said Gregory, "for giving you a lantern without oil."

"No use to scold him," said Keeneyes, cheerfully. "Accidents will happen. Now for Chase Hunter."

They issued from the front door. "I'll call up Jake Mahoney," said Gregory.

"Do so, by all means," Keeneyes assented. Finley turned and looked at the detective. The latter drew slightly back, as the other had his attitude of one about to leap. His face was large-featured, and the mouth had a nervous writhe, twisting up and down, or sideways, impartially. It was seldom at rest. The large, pale blue eyess had a slightly glassy cast; they seemed to glitter at the detective when the light fell upon them.

"Well, my friend," said Keeneyes, "what do you think of this murder?"

"It's done, now," said Grape Finley, huskily. "And as I've said to yore friend Mr. Gregory more'n onct, 'Better leave well enough alone?' "

Richard Zellers, or "Keeneyes," glanced

toward the barn where Jake Mahoney slept, and whither Gregory had now gone to wake the coachman. "So you think the murder well enough, do you?" he inquired.

"I think," growled Finley, slipping the gun in the crook of his arm, "there's no good raking up old fires. Better build new ones. When a thing's made, it's made—or done, it's done. The time to fret is in the beginning and not after the finishing. Now a human life ain't no more to me than that or— let us say a cow. Take a man after he is dead and look at him. Then tell me, did his livin' make folks happier or better? If not, let him be dead. A cow is a good thing. She gives milk. At last she gives no more milk. There is the butcher. Now when a man has ceased givin' out milk of usefulness or good nater, an' if he dies, and when he's dead, and it can't be hoped an' nothin' won't bring him back, in heaven's name, then," cried Grape Finley, growing excited and glaring at Keeneyes angrily, "let him be!"

"Grape," said Gregory warningly as he approached with Mahoney, "don't give yourself a fit, Grape."

Grape Finley subsided into grim silence. They hurried around to the cellar windows. Keeneyes stopped at that of the fruit-room.

"I thought," said Gregory, "that Chase Hunter's head appeared at the coal-room."

"So it did," said Keeneyes cheerfully, "but give me that lantern, Finley. The rest of you can Chase and I'll Hunter."

"I don't like standin' here in the light to be let drove at by that there mountaineer," complained Jake Mahoney, as the detective moved the lantern slowly along the ground in front of the closed window.

At that moment the detective's keen eyes found what they had sought—two faint lines, meeting at right angles. He rose. "We'll go to the next window," he said. As they approached the coal-room, something was seen to glitter upon the ground. Jake pounced upon it and exclaimed, "A dagger!" He looked fearfully about. There was no moon, and open fields, and a grove not far away, looked equally sinister in the night.

"A dagger!" cried Gregory, holding it close to the lantern. "And here are initials cut upon it."

"Impossible!" cried Keeneyes.

"See for yourself!" exclaimed Gregory in an excited tone.

Keeneyes glanced at the hilt, apparently with very slight interest. "True enough," he said, "here are 'C. H.' Now, what name begins with 'C?' Charles—yes; Charles Harris, perhaps. Isn't there a character in Shakespeare named Charles Harris?"

"Chase Hunter!" cried Mahoney, excitedly. "It's Chase Hunter! He dropped his weapon when you blowed out his light, Mr. Sloan."

"Now, why didn't I think of that before?" murmured Keeneyes, turning away. A search of the premises was thoroughly carried out, during which Keeneyes showed an indifference amounting to apathy. It might have been real, or the result of professional duplicity; Gregory could not determine which, and he was uneasy. At last all agreed that the dagger was the only clew left by the feudist. Mahoney was instructed to keep watch the rest of the night for the return of the intruder, and the others went back to the house.

Gregory accompanied Keeneyes to his room, and having closed the door, said in a low voice, "I can't get my consent to make this affair public. I do not wish to throw a cloud of terror over Henrietta, and Della and Willis. You understand, I am sure. We will move away from here as soon as possible, and they need never know the danger that hung over them."

"You think, then," said Keeneyes, "that the mystery of your father's death is fully revealed?"

"Fully. This night's history convinces where before I could only suspect. The face at the window—"

"You forget," interposed Keeneyes, "that the face has not been identified."

"But 'C. H.' on the dagger-hilt identifies it," said Gregory, impatiently. "As to the woman you saw in the cellar, if I am right in the supposition that it was Henrietta, all is explained."

"It was Miss Henrietta," replied the other.

"She has been a sleep-walker from childhood," said Gregory, "and she must have been asleep when you saw her. Some dream of her father's death carried her where she would never have ventured alone at night."

"Then," said Keeneyes, "you feel that you have no further need of my services?"

"I feel that as a detective our relations may as well come to an end. But you are here as my friend and as Harry Sloan, I insist upon your staying several days longer, to avoid discovery. Should you go away now, Henrietta and Willis might imagine—"

"A telegram could come, calling me to my sick sister," said Keeneyes, hopefully.

WHAT'S THE USE

To Keep a "Coffee Complexion?"

A lady says: "Postum has helped my complexion so much that my friends say I am growing young again. My complexion used to be coffee colored, muddy and yellow, but it is now clear and rosy as when I was a girl. I was induced to try Postum by a friend who had suffered just as I had suffered from terrible indigestion, palpitation of the heart and sinking spells.

"After I had used Postum a week I was so much better that I was afraid it would not last. But now two years have passed and I am a well woman. I owe it all to leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place.

"I had drank coffee all my life. I suspected that it was the cause of my trouble, but it was not until I actually quit coffee and started to try Postum that I became certain; then all my troubles ceased and I am now well and strong again." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

His manner was that which had more than once perplexed the head of the house. "As you please," he answered coldly.

"No, as you please," said Keeneyes quickly. "To be frank, I desire very much to stay. I have not enjoyed myself so much since—for several years."

"Enjoyed yourself!" echoed Gregory. "Thanks, but—"

"Oh, that's all right. I don't mind Chase Hunter. Not in the least. Good-night. At any rate, I'll be here to breakfast."

When the house had become perfectly quiet, Keeneyes unfastened his window, that he might look upon the west wing of the house. Then he crept down stairs and passed out of the kitchen door. He noiselessly made his way toward the grove, the edge of which ran up to the sideyard fence. Suddenly a dark form loomed up in his path.

"Look out, Jake!" said Keeneyes, in guarded tone. I'm not Chase Hunter, don't imagine it. I couldn't sleep, so I came to keep you company."

"Oh, did you?" said Jake rather ungraciously. "Well, say! can you give me a chew of tobacker?"

"Sorry, but I don't chew."

"I'll go to the barn after my plug."

"Wait, you don't have to chew all the time. Take a rest. By the way, that Grape Finley is a very peculiar man, don't you think so?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jake Mahoney, evasively. "Everybody has corners, nobody ain't built smooth all around. People's corners is different, that's what makes the bother—findin' 'em. I have mine here, Finley has his there. I've lived here with him twenty-two year, an' he's always proved reasonable."

"And yet you intend to leave next Monday?"

"Oh, that was just said under exasperation. I've said that same before."

"Well, I'll tell you what makes me think him queer," said Keeneyes confidentially. "He has fits, hasn't he?"

"Yes, but where another has pugdogs, or another—"

"Oh, I know fits are reasonable," interposed Keeneyes, "but I noticed when he was out in the yard with us, he left his fits upstairs in his bedroom."

"Hey?" ejaculated Mahoney, sharply.

"Why, I say that's why I think his peculiar. Here he was down stairs, and I could hear his fits up in the west wing where he'd left them. You know its usual to keep one's fits closer at hand than that."

"I don't make no meaning out of this," said Jake, "but a chew I must have."

"I'll walk to the barn with you," said Keeneyes. "And did you ever find Gregory's hat? You know some one took it the night of the murder."

"That hat was a queer thing," said Mahoney. "It was left on the hatrack and was the only thing took from the whole house. Now imagine a murderer a-stoppin' to git a hat before a-perpetratin' his designs. Stands to reason murder involves work same as other business. When I go to hitch up, do I stop to put on my coat?"

"You think, then, that the murderer didn't get that hat?"

"'Course he never!"

"You are right," said Keeneyes, "and you are the first man clear-sighted enough to see that fact."

Mahoney chuckled. "Yes, I'm clear-sighted, yes, I am!"

"Besides," said Keeneyes, colloquially, "why should Miss Pinns have gone into the cellar after a spade? Was the flower-spade kept in the cellar?"

"Course not! Didn't I find that spade the next mornin' all kivered with damp earth whur somebody had been diggin' with it?"

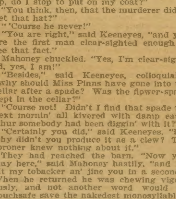
"Certainly you did," said Keeneyes, "but why didn't you produce it as a clew? The coroner knew nothing about it."

They had reached the barn. "Now you stay here," said Mahoney hastily, "and I'll git my tobacker an' jine you in a second." When he returned he was chewing vigorously, and not another word would he vouchsafe save the nakedest monosyllables. After awhile the detective returned to his room and gazed upon the west wing. Every window was closely shuttered, and there were signs neither of life nor light.

Look in next week's issue of the Ledger for the continuance of this extremely interesting story. Also, look at pages thirteen and fifteen for our announcement relative to free cameras and patterns for all subscribers.

◆

No Danger as Yet.



Little Irene—Do you feel chilly, Mrs. Stout?

Visitor—Certainly not. Why?

Little Irene—'Cause ma said I must have a freezing air to folks that aren't in our set.

◆

He Paid the Bills.

Mrs. D'Avnoo—What are you groaning about now, I should like to know?

Mr. D'Avnoo—The bills for your last reception are just coming in.

Mrs. D'Avnoo—Well, I will pay those bills with my own money if you will relieve me of the duty of listening to the chatter of people who come to make party calls. There's the bell now. Go to the parlor.

Mr. D'Avnoo—Um—I'll pay 'em, my dear.

BOYS!!
You can get this whole Football outfit FREE

The entire outfit without sending us a cent. All we ask is a little work in spare time after school on Fridays and on Saturdays selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We will also pay well for your time in addition

You can start this week. Write to-day and we will send ten copies of the magazine to be sold at 5 cents each. This will provide capital for the following week's supply. We will also send booklet, "How Boys Make Money," giving methods of some successful boys.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 4274 Arch Street, Philadelphia

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A TRIP TO CHINA.

BY CECELIA A. LOIZEAUX.

Marian Wilbur dipped her fingers lazily into the water as the canoe drifted idly down stream. The music of violins and the sound of laughter and voices came to her from the brightly-lighted clubhouse she had just left.

Opposite to her, in the stern, sat Howard Mann. She did not look at his face, because he was looking at her, "for all the world like a St. Bernard puppy," she said once, a little viciously.

If Marian could have seen herself as Howard Mann saw her she would not have blamed him for looking at her so eagerly. The moonlight made her ash-gold hair gleam like silver threads, and in the flickering shadows her eyes were deep, and her fair skin fairer. Presently she hummed the refrain the violins were throbbing:

"Tell me, tell me again, as you did of yore"—

"That's just what I'm going to do, Marian," said Howard.

"That's only a song," laughed Marian, nervously. Then she changed the subject abruptly. "Is it true that you are going to China this fall? Tom Merritt said you were going on military service; that they had appealed to us for help in reorganizing the army, and that you were to be one of the men."

"I don't know how Merritt got hold of it, but some of it's true. I've got the chance to go; the rest of it depends on other things."

"I suppose it's a great opportunity," she broke in, "since you have chosen to be a military man by profession. How long would you be away?"

"Several years, probably. One soon gets to liking a new country unless there are strings to pull a fellow home."

He picked up the paddle and shoved the canoe out from the dark shadows where it had drifted.

"I wanted to tell you before any one else did," he resumed, "because it's you who will have to decide the question."

"I don't see how I can do that," she said. "You certainly know whether or not you want to go."

"That's just what I don't know," he answered, leaning forward and looking at her. "You see, if I go it will be because a certain girl whom we both know has decided that she does not love me. And that's another thing I wanted to speak to you about before any one else did."

The boat had again drifted into the shadows, and this time he let it stay. He lit a cigarette, and when the match flared up she saw that his face was pale.

She drew her hand from the water and pressed it, cool and wet, against her burning cheek. To think that she had imagined him in love with her all this time!

"She's one of our own set," he went on. "Her father's a wealthy man, and you know I haven't a thing but my prospects. If she married me she'd have to give up most of her present luxuries, and I'm not sure she loves me enough for that."

He stopped, and she knew she should say something, but her will failed her.

"The China affair is a good chance for me," he resumed; "am I boring you?" he broke off to ask.

"No, no; go on," she said quickly.

"You see, the pay is good, and it gives me a chance of quick promotion if I should come back here again. But it's like asking a girl to go to the land of nowhere with a fellow, or asking her to wait an indefinite period with him at the other end of the world."

"If she loved you she would do either."

Surely, she thought, it was Lulu Coast; and she hated the dark-eyed, gypsy-like girl who, she knew, was in love with Howard.

"But your advice; I want it," he said suddenly. "Would you tell her about it and run the risk, or go away and trust to find her single when you came back?"

Marian realized that here was her opportunity to keep from the other girl what she could not have herself.

"Why, I hardly know," she gasped; "let me think."

Her face was in the moonlight now, and he wondered at its curious, set expression. His heart sank. They were silent a long time, until some on up on the clubhouse dock shouted:

"Dot! Dot! Howard! Where are you two?"

"Shall we go back, Marian?" asked Howard; and she assented, glad of the chance to get out of his sight, yet unwilling to do so. He took up the paddle and the boat shot out into the middle of the river.

"Advice ready yet?" said Howard.

She answered slowly:

"Yes, I've thought it out, and—and—I believe I wouldn't tell her until I came back if I were you."

She saw his face pale, and she hated herself for the false advice she was giving. But she hardened her heart.

"Here we are," said Howard, "and thanks awfully for the good advice. I shall follow it because I know I can trust to what you say. East, there!"

Marian jumped to her feet before the canoe stopped.

"Hold on! I'll get out first."

But Marian had already stepped from the boat onto what she supposed was the wet planking. It was only a shadow, and she went straight into the water, capsizing the canoe as she went.

Howard had hold of her in a moment, and, swinging her up on the landing, climbed out after her and drew her into his arms. She had been too frightened to scream, and now she could only gasp. But in a moment she pushed him away.

"Howard!" she cried, "it wasn't true what I told you; she loves you. You must go and let her tell you so. Go now, she's up there waiting for you!"

"Who is up there waiting for me?" stammered the bewildered man.

"Why, Lulu, of course! I knew you meant her."

He laughed happily as he drew her into his arms again. He had read her face as she spoke.

"Didn't you know I meant you? Why, girl, I was telling you as plain as A. B, C, all the time."

Marian began to cry softly, her wet head against his wetter coat.

"Don't you ever tell on me," she sobbed. "I was afraid she'd get you, and I got my just deserts when I took that header into the water."

The apparition of two dripping figures who, in spite of their sorry plight, were evidently idiotically happy, raised a shout from the young people scattered about the porch.

"Where have you been and what have you been doing?" was the cry.

"We've been to China," said Howard. And then, catching hold of her hand, "We've been getting engaged."

◆

Silver Service.

"Hey!" shouted the rich man, peering cautiously over the stairway, "I want you."

"Well," chuckled the burglar, reaching for the silver, "I am at your service, sir."

◆

Out of the Ordinary.

Miss Smart—What is the most curious thing in the world?

Mr. Wise—A woman who isn't curious.

HEARTS OF BLACK;

Or, Thorns in the Life of Aaron Burr - By Ida Shepler.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 36, Sept. 3. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

ANNABEL SEES THE WORLD.

Aaron Burr, as Scott Thorpe, finally began to realize that, for the sake of a brief summer's dream, he had gone too far, and, under an assumed name was treading on dangerous ground with these people of strong convictions. Some day he expected to need them to help him reach the place now occupied by George Washington, and that he had masqueraded under an assumed name among them might not speak well in that day. But he was shifty of expedient with men; secretly he made Santon Radford believe, and others of nearly his local power, that it was a present necessity that he come among them not giving a full account of himself; later they would know why. But naught of this did he hint to Annabel. To Aaron Burr love was merely a small side incident, not to be taken into account in the affairs of men, and it was this belief carried too far, carried into the sanctity of the American home, that lost him the first and highest gift the American home gives to its rulers, and through that loss, to his ostracism ever afterward.

Quickly he had made up his mind to go, and pressing her hands to his lips, calmly ignoring all that had gone before, ignoring the questioning in her eyes, the trembling mouth, he left her, promising to come soon again.

This dream was over, he thought in an indifferent way to himself as he rode away. The girl was sweet, interesting, and she had reminded him of Madeline, although not of Madeline's kind or mind at all, even in love. Annabel could love and endure to death for love, but for love she could not sin; Madeline, on the contrary, beautiful, overbearing Madeline, could love to the death also, but it would be the death of another, not her own, and she was capable of doing all sins in the decalogue for love if she so minded.

The days that followed were dreary days for Annabel, and as they slipped by to join all that had gone before, no word, no sign, came back to her that Scott Thorpe yet thought of her. Harry Montaire had gone, leaving no word behind to Santon Radford, for in these days Montaire blamed Radford for neglecting his daughter, leaving her to the fair-spoken words of all who came by.

"It is you that has sent him away from home, Annabel," at last her father declared. "You! It is ever so with a foolish girl. You have no stability, no decency. I can see now that you threw yourself, wantonlike, at that man's head. What can men do but notice women who do that, especially if they be of fair countenance? You have acted terribly. No girl with prudence acts so, and promised to another man. No wonder Montaire has gone from the very sight of you!"

The words were so cold and stern, had another than her father said them Annabel would have resented their implication. But to him she could give no back answer, and besides, while she was not aware of imprudence on her part, she had not sought Scott Thorpe. He had ever hurried to her side, but it might be that men, and the world, did look upon her actions as her father now did. Her father, whom she believed knew everything necessary to know! Her bosom heaved, her eyes filled with tears, so near to them these days.

Granny, knitting in the dim candlelight, saw the tears and noted the humbly shrinking attitude of her grandchild. She was the true mother of such a man as Santon Radford—a woman who spoke her thoughts, and thought good ones to speak. Throwing down her knitting, she said as sternly:

"Let that child be, Santon Radford. Why do you talk as though my lamb is vile? You are not yourself. What do you want to be ever forcing Harry Montaire on her notice for, and she but yet a child? Shame! Let her alone and let her own heart do its own choosing. If Harry has gone away because she liked to sit and talk with such a fine-spoken man as Scott Thorpe, let him go. He is not worth a good woman's care. But he has not gone for that, as you think. His mother told me he went over to Virginia to look after some scattering men there who would fight had they a leader to train them."

"Maybe he has, maybe he has," was the answer of her son. "It might be that Congressman Findlay, or Gallatin himself, sent him there on some secret service." And now somewhat ashamed of himself, Radford turned to speak more kindly to his daughter, but she was gone, and upstairs in her room was weeping out her heart over her father's blame, and the longing to again see the man she fully believed that she loved in such a manner as to, whether again she ever saw him or not, preclude for life the love of another man for her.

The troops had come. From several states they had been gathered, and under Light Horse Harry Lee had invaded the Wheatlands, General Hamilton accompanying them. In the first engagements between citizens and soldiers, Santon Radford, leading a charge, had been carried back, badly wounded. The wound might have not given so much extra trouble had he not insisted on staying with his men on the central scene of action. This irritation to the wound brought on poison and consequent delirium. He was sent home, and for weeks his mother with her medicine, and his daughter's constant care, was required at his bedside. When he recovered, the troops were gone, and the insurrection he had helped head, was over. It had been an almost bloodless victory for the National power.

Santon Radford nearly died again with vexation and anger. "The poltroons, the slaves!" he thundered. "Had I been there they would not have given in so easily. Where was Harry, the dolt?"

"I know not and care not," ventured his mother. "Acting with the rest like a sensible man who cares not to drench the home land with the blood of his relatives and friends for a bit of tax, I suppose. Be men, now, and kill such tyranny, if tyranny it be, with your votes. Never was an easier way to rid the country of wrong. If you had only the sense to vote aright and demand that your rulers do as you voted for them to do, you needn't be hiding ammunition about." Santon Radford had never told his mother to hold her tongue, but he felt very much now like doing so.

In the months that followed, with kindness and trust Annabel's heart might have come back to home and Montaire; but he, now that he was home again, avoided her, and it grew upon her that her father did the same. One morning, on her pillow they found a note which read:

"Forgive me, but I must go away. Not one loves me but Granny, and she cannot understand me. You cannot miss me, for you do not love me. Annabel."

"I dreamed an angel stood over me last night and kissed me," shrieked Radford's mother. "I thought it a sign of my death, but it was her that kissed me, not an angel. I not understand? Oh, the child, the dear child, who could best have understood her but me? I will live now until I see her again. Go, you two idle men, and seek her! What do you mean standing there?" For Harry Montaire at that moment appeared in the door. And then the old woman fell heavily to the floor.

When Radford had carried his mother to a bed and left her to the care of his sister, he sank into a chair, moaning over his lack of fatherly tenderness and its expression, to cause this, his only child to leave her home, while Montaire, with rigid face, could only look on offering no word of sympathy, except at last to say:

"She has likely gone to marry that man who never came again to see her. I can go with you and see that all is well with her, but where will we look for him? I think you really learned little more of him than myself while he was here."

As chance would have it, Annabel had from a remark he let fall, guessed that Scott Thorpe lived in New York. She had not intended going straight to him, but near him somewhere. Surely words such as he had said to her had not been said falsely? Perhaps he had written, and the letters had gone wrong, or been destroyed by her father, who so earnestly wanted her to marry Montaire. Perhaps he was dead. Who knew? She would go to New York and seek employment of some kind, and inquire for him.

The size of the city, even at that time, was appalling to a girl who had not been beyond the skirts of a few country villages, and the kind of work she must do or go without food, was scarcely self sustaining. Temptations were all about. Her beauty attracted the notice of all sorts and conditions of men, and in the places she must work, brought upon her the spite and jealousy of women. But with it all, and from every close inquiry, not one clue could Annabel get of her recreant lover.

"If he's a lawyer," said one of the mill girls who worked next Annabel in one of the places where she had found employment, "you could find him. The town's big, but not so big that some of the lawyers wouldn't have heard of Scott Thorpe. I do believe he is your lover, though you talk so smooth the other way."

The work she must do kept her from the beautiful home of Colonel Burr, and, as it happened, she had never come face to face with him in public. Annabel was not made to battle with the world, and the squalor the misery, the selfishness and temptation she encountered, caused her silent tears in the night for the frugal home and the safety she had left. But not for one second did she harbor a thought to go back. Shame would keep her from that. She was Santon Radford there. He builded after he had counted the cost, not before, and if he builded by mistake, he had a fashion of remaining with it.

There was one clue, one of the slightest, to which Annabel had kept a precious hold, a slip of paper, dropped by mistake into a pile of waste paper in his room at the Radford home by Aaron Burr. The paper was covered with strange marks, but signed in good English, "Madeline Chosel." Annabel had found an elegant home where once some Chosels had lived, so she was told by a maid of the present holders of the property, but now the maid knew not where they had gone.

And thus the months went by, growing less hopeful, and filled with added apprehension and disgust with her work and surroundings, and her lack of congenial friends. She had overtaxed her strength, and came down with a fever of long duration. Her landlady, rough and harsh, yet held a bit of the milk of kindness in her breast, and did not send her out on charity, though charity must provide her medicines. She let her keep her room, Annabel promising to pay if ever strength came back, but of care she had none, battling with sickness night and day alone.

Staggering from her poor, illy-furnished room, Annabel, before convalescence had come, set out to find employment. Waiter girls were wanted in a cafe. The proprietor, a man of swarthy, dissipated face, and foxy manner, looked long and searchingly into the eyes of the sick girl, asking employment under him.

"Why, of course, dear," he said at last, loth to take his eyes from the beautiful face, attractive yet despite its hue of pallor, "but don't hurry now. Take your time."

She did hurry, to fall fainting at the last. "Take her to the best room back," the proprietor ordered, and when she was able to feebly struggle off the couch and look about her, he sat near by, regarding her with a gaze of admiration, unmistakable.

"Now, you just be comfortable, dear," he said, "and look on this all as your own."

Annabel turned away her face that he might not see the look of disgust and disapproval of his meaning shining through its whiteness, and wondering if there was no good in this world she had so longed to know. When he had gone out, she sent a little waiting girl for her hat, and tremblingly made her way from the house.

How far she had gone she could not say, but it was to the better part of the town, and then the ground began to climb up into hills beyond her steps, and the houses to whirl and blacken, and she knew she was falling. "Oh, Merciful Father," she breathed low, "I pray that it is death coming to me!" And then she sank upon the broad stone steps leading to a large low office, and a gentleman just opening its front door, hurried down, and with an exclamation of pity, carried the unconscious girl to an inner room belonging to his office, and after bathing her face in cold water, tried to force some wine down her throat.

CHAPTER VIII.

CORINNE'S DISCOVERY.

When Annabel opened her eyes, as in a haze, with far-away bells ringing in her ears, she realized that a fair face, grave and kindly, was anxiously turned her way. And as he gazed into the troubled eyes of the girl, as one trained to read minds, he knew the girl to whom those beautiful eyes belonged was pure and good.

"Lie very still for awhile," he said, "I think it is but a faint, because of the heat, likely."

How different the sound in this voice from that of the cafe keeper. Instantly her faith went out to this man as it might have gone to her own father. The tears came into her eyes at the thought of that father.

Presently, under the reviving influence of the wine, Annabel sat up. "Is this a lawyer's office?" she asked, looking about at the array of books and their titles dancing before her eyes. The man nodded, and she went on with the one name yet ever nearest her lips. "Do you know a lawyer by the name of Scott Thorpe, or do you know any person of this name?" She spread the paper before him as she finished. With knit brows he glanced over it. Then answered:

"I know not this name you ask me, but I know the one written at the end of this cipher which I cannot read. The father and sisters of Madeline Chosel live but a square or two from this office. I will dispatch a boy for Mary Chosel. I am Alexander Hamilton. You may have heard of me."

Heard of him? For years what name had been so familiar to her? The man she had almost been taught to hate, and now that she had heard that kind voice, her heart, with faith's instinct, had turned to him as one of earth's good men. She nodded, "yes," and covered her face with her hands as though he might read what she was thinking.

In a few moments Mary Chosel came in. Still the same gentle, lovable housewife, looking out for the good her hands might do. Hamilton met her in the outer office and explained, showing her the paper.

"It is Madeline's writing, though I know not the cipher. We will question the girl," suggested Mary.

The girl's story was told simply. Although she had gone under an assumed name in New York so far, she gave her own true name now, but she gave no hint as to who her father was, or the particular place he lived.

"I will take her home with me," at last Mary said gently. "She has not the strength to go back to work, and I need some extra diversion beyond caring for father who has picked up extraordinary strength these days, and acts very young. I will send the letter to Madeline, and if we do not find this man before we get word from her then she will tell us."

At that moment the soft swish of a silken skirt was heard in the outer office, and Corinne Chosel swept in and up to the table where yet lay the note which she picked up and read, her face growing angry and dark.

"I came in to see you on a bit of law text, General Hamilton, and for father. We must hurry around when he says to. I heard part of your talk with this young girl. I can read the cipher, and tell you the name of the person this young lady seeks. Take Annabel home with you sister mine, and when you have coddled her into sufficient strength, I will introduce her to Scott Thorpe," and as she spoke, Corinne folded the paper and slipped it into the bosom of her dress. Seeing Annabel's eyes open in wonder, she changed her half sneering tone for one resembling Mary's. "It is all right, little one. It was written by our sister and therefore belongs to us. It has led you straight to Scott Thorpe. Is that the name?"

When Annabel and Mary had stepped into the conveyance hailed for them by Hamilton, Corinne turned to the great lawyer and briefly explained to him what she had found in the cipher. Then ended with: "Haven't I told you before that he is not to be trusted in any way? He has secretly gone to the scenes of the Whiskey Insurrection. And he has not gone as a friend to a stable and safe government. He has drawn this girl to love him, then coldly left her, as he has the name of doing with higher born dames than the daughter of, I truly believe, one of those rebellious leaders."

A few evenings after, Annabel, grown stronger and more hopeful under loving kindness, awaited the coming of Scott Thorpe. Mary had left this management to Corinne. She was not told who this man might be, or how it had come that Corinne so readily understood the cipher. She did not know that it was a cipher Corinne had once made herself and taught to Madeline.

As the door bell rang, Corinne said to Annabel: "The man who comes to see you has been a United States Senator, Attorney General, and what not? He is great in his own mind and that of many others, but not in mine. He is or once was, at least, considered a deceiver of women. Be brave and meet him on his own grounds."

Corinne, as Annabel thought, then went out, but she merely stopped in the shadow of the sounding board of the great piano as a maid ushered Annabel's visitor into the room.

On the threshold the man stopped, surprise visible in his attitude. He had not actually meant to play the part of a villain in this brief love affair. To him it had been but a passing incident. He had really, under the spur of those sweet eyes showing grief over his departure, intended writing back to her, sending her a pretty present and telling her who he was. That would have been best had he not carelessly forgotten to do so.

"Annabel," he said, quickly recovering from his momentary surprise; after all what did it amount to, this fancy of a young girl, always so easily dissolved by a little neglect or coldness?

"Scott Thorpe," she replied, but little above a whisper. "Forgive me, but I have so longed to see you, and they cared nothing for me at home, it seemed, after I gave Montaire up for you."

"Not Scott Thorpe, but Aaron Burr," came the clear voice of Corinne.

The room whirled with Annabel. That instant she comprehended. The next that feminine instinct to save its beloved reproach of any kind came readily to her tongue.

"Oh, no, no, no, this is a stranger. I am mistaken. Scott Thorpe and Aaron Burr are not one and the same."

Corinne came forward, her black robe trailing in graceful lines about the splendid form.

"Annabel," she began, "don't stain your lips with a lie for him. It matters not to him what people say of him. He snaps his fingers and goes on. Ingrate, could you not have spared the heart of the girl who risked her life to save your worthless life? I think the country could well have spared you, though you may not think so."

"The lovely Corinne is nothing if not insulting," he said coldly, seating himself as he did so.

"Better to be insulting with the truth than a smooth tongue dipped in two forms of guile."

"When you came to New York why did you not come to me, Annabel, instead of this place?" he asked. Annabel had been bidden by Corinne to not mention the letter in cipher to him.

With a derisive laugh, Corinne answered: "Come to Scott Thorpe? She did come to him. For over a year she has sought you high and low, braved all danger an unprotected girl can brave in this city, to fall fainting in the street at last and be picked up by General Hamilton."

"That man?" the visitor asked, with a start.

"Certainly, that man! You know he naturally would send a helplessly sick girl to my sister Mary." With this Corinne left the room.

When she had gone, Colonel Burr, with a few lawyer-like questions drew from Annabel the reason, in part, for her coming to New York. When she was done he drew forth a purse of gold, and tendering it to her with all of his old time grace and gallantry restored, said:

"Miss Radford, I want you to accept this as only the fraction of a debt I owe you if it could be paid in money, which your own sweet eyes tells me it cannot. While you remain in New York I will pay all the expenses you incur. Do not feel backward in calling upon me."

There was no hint of insult in the offer. It was said in the tone with which a brother might address a sister, but ah! that was not the tone she had expected to hear. Her dream was slipping away. She was beginning to awake.

"Put back your gold," she said quietly. "My father's wealth is nearly, I should judge the equal of your own. I will apply to him before I would apply to you for help."

"Shall we, at least, not be friends, Annabel?" he asked, feeling the rebuke in her voice.

"No," was the firm answer. "Your life is upon a higher social plane than mine. I can admire you from afar, but friends we can never be. You drew me to love you under a false name, and under your own true name I would not trust your friendship, to say nothing of your love. It is better that we never meet. I will not say adieu, as once we said, but farewell," and with this scant courtesy, she bowed him to the door, and he went out, not feeling now that he was well rid of a summer's fancy, but that he had lost out when his day of need came for votes from the men that Santon Radford controlled. Had he known the nature of the girl, he need not to have feared, for Santon Radford might never know from his daughter that Scott Thorpe and Aaron Burr were one.

As Annabel hurried away to the neat little room given over to her, Mary, pity in her eyes, arose to follow her, but Corinne put out a detaining hand, saying:

"Let her fight it out herself. It is the only way. She knows men better now, and the world, I hope, and will appreciate her own good home and the honest man's love she gave over for the evanescent regard of Aaron Burr. She will only be the stronger and better for having had her dream."

The next day Annabel faced the sisters with a smile of resignation, sweet and cheering to see. "It is all over with," she said. "I am glad that my lover proved to be Aaron Burr and not plain Scott Thorpe. I can give him up all the better now that I know he was never for me."

But this a Chosel could not understand, as their rank in life, if made known, far exceeded that of the grandson of Jonathan Edwards.

Both Mary and Corinne now hoped that Annabel would come to her better sense and let her father and relatives know of her whereabouts. They were very sure that all had suffered because of her absence and the uncertainty of her fate. "The girl is actually morbid in her belief that they do not care for her," Mary declared to Corinne, but as Annabel would not go home for very shame that she had run away, and insisted on going to seek work, the Chosels, the father as well as the daughters, declared she should not again brave the streets for work. "Mary has taken on herself too many charities to look after; you shall stay with us and help her," persisted Martin Chosel. "The pension is amply sufficient for another, as plainly as we live."

Hamilton had insisted on being allowed to pay her late landlady, and also the doctor's bill, which she had worried over because it had come as charity. "Keep her with you, Mary," Hamilton had said, "until she gets thoroughly homesick. Her interest in New York now past, her thoughts will naturally turn to the old home, its pleasures and loves."

But Annabel kept her home-sickness to herself for months after. She was becoming wan and thin, when Corinne remarked:

"The longer she remains with us the more difficult for us to give her up. She is dying to go home, and yet will never go unless they come for her. Now I'm going to spend a little money in looking up the situation in that neck of the Radford woods."

Annabel wondered where Corinne had gone, but knew, shortly, when she came back.

"I wanted to see that wonderful hot bed of treason myself," she said, off hand to Annabel." Your people are in a terrible state over you. They think you dead, or did until I came. You would not know your father, they say. I know he looked terrible to me. That old wound has bothered him lately, and he can scarcely take a step. He spent time and much money seeking you everywhere, even here in New York. And Granny, such a dear old woman! She keeps up heart yet about you, and says she is going to live until she is a hundred and fifty but what she gets to see her bairnie yet once again safe in the home fold. But, poor Granny, she will not stay death. If it isn't here for her in less than six months time then I have missed a good guess."

"But what did you tell them of me?" interrupted Annabel. "Did you tell of my struggle with poverty, my sickness, of that man? Oh, Corinne, you did not tell them that?"

"Trust me for a schemer, you baby. I told them you left home because of their lack of trust in you, their silent blame. I told them you desired to be an artist and had taken up the study, doing other easy work to pay for it. I was glad that I had given you some drawing lessons. You must keep up the work after you go home, then I'll not be in the falsehood. They asked me about a lover. No indeed, said I. The girl has not had a lover that she's so much as noticed, since she's been in the city. I told them your only thought was work, work."

Annabel glanced at Corinne. She liked her, and yet she had strange tones and actions at times. Corinne could not be understood, as Mary had said, but, anyway, she was a good friend, so Annabel thought.

"You are thinking of Harry Montaire, I know," Corinne went on hastily." He is handsome, good and true. That I could see. But Harry has his pick among the Wheatland beauties. He has built a fine house—a great brick house, for his bride, they told me. I think she comes from some far city, and belongs not to the Wheatlands." Corinne glanced out of her narrowing eyes at the flushing cheek now turned away from her. After all, she thought, Annabel had really cared more for Harry than she had herself guessed. "Your father would have come with me if he could, but he may never walk again." Corinne was stretching the talk here, although she knew that never could she have explained to Annabel her father's joy at knowing she lived, and was doing well."

Annabel threw up her hands with a sob choking off the cry she was trying to utter.

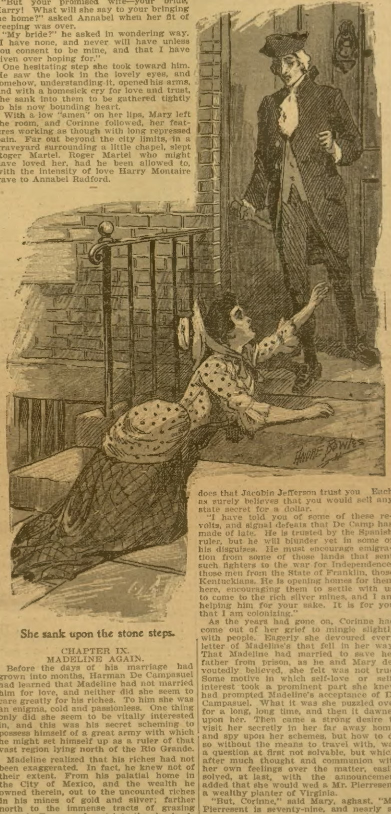
"I know what you would say, dear," and Mary now came up to the grieving girl," that you must go home right away, and you shall. See? Some one has come to take you." And flinging open the door of an adjoining room, Harry Montaire walked in.

"But your promised wife—your bride, Harry! What will she say to your bringing me home?" asked Annabel when her fit of weeping was over.

"My bride?" he asked in wondering way. "I have none, and never will have unless you consent to be mine, and that I have given over hoping for."

One hesitating step she took toward him. He saw the look in the lovely eyes, and somehow, understanding it, opened his arms, and with a homesick cry for love and trust, she sank into them to be gathered tightly to his now bounding heart.

With a low "amen" on her lips, Mary left the room, and Corinne followed, her features working as though with long repressed pain. Far out beyond the city limits, in a graveyard surrounding a little chapel, slept Roger Martel. Roger Martel who might have loved her, had he been allowed to, with the intensity of love Harry Montaire gave to Annabel Radford.



She sank upon the stone steps.

CHAPTER IX.
MADELINE AGAIN.

Before the days of his marriage had grown into months, Harman De Campasuel had learned that Madeline had not married him for love, and neither did she seem to care greatly for his riches. To him she was an enigma, cold and passionless. One thing only did she seem to be vitally interested in, and this was his secret scheming to possess himself of a great army with which he might set himself up as a ruler of that vast region lying north of the Rio Grande.

Madeline realized that his riches had not been exaggerated. In fact, he knew not of their extent. From his palatial home in the City of Mexico, and the wealth he owned therein, out to the uncounted riches in his mines of gold and silver; farther north to the immense tracts of grazing lands in Texas, and east into the rice lands of the gulf and the Mississippi river, where each year his slave ships unloaded stolen human cargoes from Africa, his possessions were indeed too vast to measure. All of this Madeline took secretly into account, and as the years went by, claimed her share and hoarded it away for one whose image filled her heart to the extinction of all other idols, and to whom letters went from her as regularly as long distance and poor facilities allowed.

"This man that I have married," she wrote to Burr, "is shrewd in his way, but a tyrant. His schemes to lead these men to a revolt against Spain will ever fail because he lacks the military tact. These people writhe under an uneasy yoke, but they cannot be trusted in the strike for freedom. He seeks to make them believe it is for freedom, but his yoke would be no lighter than that of Spain. There is but one man that possesses the power to successfully lead these people, and rule them, and that is yourself. The bands of banditti he has stowed away do not trust him, but they do trust me. If I were not so cold, so unfriendly to all, except in helping him organize these bands, he would kill me, for he is of an insanely jealous nature."

Later she wrote: "Keep all these papers, all these names, all these secrets I impart to you in cipher. Keep them sacredly. You will need them yet. You are climbing, climbing in that poor, little, politics-ridden land, and you are climbing but to fall. Here only in this land lies your hope. These men of mine, not his, know of you. We keep our secrets from him. He shall provide the riches, the way, and when the time is ripe you will come and take command. Mary loves me. Poor, easily duped Mary. Father it seems grows stronger of late years, and still entertains that olden set. I complain of loneliness and Mary writes me—believing it innocently interests me, all she can find out that they say in the house. I have repeatedly told you of these remarks Hamilton makes of you, and neither does that Jacobin Jefferson trust you. Each as surely believes that you would sell any state secret for a dollar.

"I have told you of some of these revolts, and signal defeats that De Camp has made of late. He is trusted by the Spanish ruler, but he will blunder yet in some of his disguises. He must encourage emigration from some of those lands that sent such fighters to the war for Independence, those men from the State of Franklin, those Kentuckians. He is opening homes for them here, encouraging them to settle with us to come to the rich silver mines, and I am helping him for your sake. It is for you that I am colonizing."

As the years had gone on, Corinne had come out of her grief to mingle slightly with people. Eagerly she devoured every letter of Madeline's that fell in her way. That Madeline had married to save her father from prison, as he and Mary devoutedly believed, she felt was not true. Some motive in which self-love or self-interest took a prominent part she knew had prompted Madeline's acceptance of De Campasuel. What it was she puzzled over for a long, long time, and then it dawned upon her. Then came a strong desire to visit her secretly in her far away home, and spy upon her schemes, but how to do so without the means to travel with, was a question at first not solvable, but which, after much thought and communion with her own feelings over the matter, easily solved, at last, with the announcement added that she would wed a Mr. Pierresent, a wealthy planter of Virginia.

"But, Corinne," said Mary, aghast, "Mr. Pierresent is seventy-nine, and nearly an imbecile with failing health and old age. What do you mean? You, young yet and growing more beautiful as you grow older! For shame!"

"It matters not," was Corinne's indifferent answer. "My heart is in Roger Martel's grave. What matters the rest when the heart is dead? I would that Mr. Pierresent were ninety-nine, and then I would surely be rid of him sooner."

Six months after, Corinne was a widow, and possessed of all the wealth necessary to accomplish greater expenses than trips to Mexico. And often, in the time that followed, Madeline might have wondered, had not just such looking Indians been common in the lands she traversed, at the young Indian who crossed her path, and seemed to haunt her comings and goings with a strange persistency. Not a thought of Corinne entered her mind, for Mary wrote that Corinne had no time to spare in coming home to see them, for looking after the plantation and slaves left her in a late will made by her aged husband.

Not always as an Indian did Corinne follow in the shadow of her twin sister. Sometimes the disguise was that of a pedlar woman, and sometimes that of a Sister of Charity begging money for the building of schools or churches. As this last she found easy access to Madeline, found letters secreted in the false bottom of a writing table that Madeline had brought with her from her father's home. Corinne knew how to shift this bottom aside, and here she found letters from the man that Madeline loved, and who was now free to marry her had she herself been free. Corinne guessed from the references in these letters much that Madeline had written to Burr, and from other papers in this secret place copied much information of this western and southern land, and secretly sent it to headquarters at Washington. Not only this, but with no pretence at secrecy, although the man to whom it was sent kept it secret, she wrote to Hamilton, giving him hints of the ambitions Burr entertained regarding this country, ambitions and schemes that she knew emanated in the brain of her sister, and not that of the person she hated almost equally with her sister. She knew these letters from Colonel Burr that she had read had breathed caution; had shown a desire only to become great in the land he had fought so bravely to free, but this did not matter to Corinne. If she could bring suspicion his way among his political friends or enemies, so much the better.

While Corinne was gaining information of her sister's motives and secret movements in that far land, Madeline had received information from the man she loved, of a secret intention the powers at Washington were forming to buy a great part of this land her husband De Campasuel coveted as his kingdom, and so far had failed to make a showing in because of the insignificance of his plans for rebellion. Turning angrily upon him she had said:

"Spain has ceded the land to France, and France, the moneyless, fool-ruled land, will sell it for a song. She wants to be rid of her possessions in this country. Perhaps then she can attend to matters at home. You have gold and silver hidden away in secret places, so much you know not its worth. Take some of it and buy this land. If you do not Jefferson will. You can better spare the money for its purchase than can that puny republic, its seat of government a frog pound hemmed in by woods, a fitting abode for such buckskin rulers. Buy it before they do! With your own you can do as you please, and set up a throne and court that will shame your neighbor. If you do not use this hoarded treasure in this way how will you use it? Some time these cut-throats we have gathered into bands, will mutiny in general. They will find your hidden gold, and then?"

Invariably he would look at her as though she were demented when she would talk in this way to him, and leave her with muttered curses, curses that she heeded no more than the air they stirred; for in all her pleading she saw not his face, his form at the head of that new kingdom, new republic, whichever it was to be, but that of Aaron Burr, who, deride as she would struggled to gain honors in a country she despised as too small for notice.

This thrilling story of colonial days will be continued in next week's Ledger, developing situations of intense and dramatic interest and disclosing the fascinating power of Aaron Burr and the baleful influence of his life on those about him. Each subscriber is offered patterns and cameras free as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Stories About Places.

Dean Kitchin, writing of the country people of Cumberland, England, says: "When a marriage came, the whole district was roused to the utmost excitement; the men in their bravest homespun, the women in bright blue, the bride's color, or white or red. No green was possible; was it not the color of the forsaken one, the willow green of disgrace? After the marriage ceremony was over, after which the country priest gave them some homely good advice, they went into the churchyard, where there was laughter and some kissing and play—till the young fellows had pulled off their shoes and stockings, showing the varied colored ribbons which crossed over their legs. Then at a signal they started for a race from the church to the bride's new home. The winner had the right to return, hot and breathless, to meet the bride and her party, who had meanwhile been leisurely walking to the house. And he returned to claim a kiss and a piece of ribbon as his prize. After that came merry feasting and often some dancing."

In Pegu, Burma, may be seen the unusual spectacle of a British sentry keeping guard over a Burmese idol—or, at all events, over the pagoda wherein the image is enshrined. The khaki-guarded deity's name is Kiak-Kiak (god of gods) and the natives affect to believe that he has been asleep for 6,000 years and that when he awakes the end of the world will come. It is with the view of deferring, as long as possible, such an undesirable consummation that the idol is so carefully looked after.

It has just been announced that in Bern, Switzerland, 'the old custom of smoking in church will no longer be tolerated." Soon the remoter parts of Holland will offer the only opportunities for smoking the devotional pipe while the minister preaches on Sunday.

Drew the Line.

"No—on an automobile tour."

"Hello, I understand you're going to New Jersey next week."

"Yes, we start Tuesday."

"On a pleasure trip?"

How True!

"It's strange," remarked the breakfast cynic, "but the young man with the weakest lungs can often blow in the most money."

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
32 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Saturday
—BY—
W. D. BOYCE CO.

All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
112, 114 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. If not paid in advance, $2.00 a year, $1.00 for six months. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. One Dollar must be added to all foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

ADVERTISING.
Advertising rate $1.35 per Agate Line, per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade.

Entered at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, as second-class matter.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
AND
SATURDAY BLADE.
AVERAGE MORE THAN
625,000
COPIES WEEKLY
PROVED CIRCULATION.

BACK NUMBERS.
Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.
The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

This is the open season for spellbinders.

No one was ever handed a free pass minus the string.

It is easier for a woman to marry a genius than it is for her to support him.

Oyama was dedicated to war at the age of four and it appears that the dedication took.

Is not Russia taking enough risks in Manchuria already without sending the Czar there?

Many a good man has got freckles on his reputation by carrying molasses home in a demijohn.

Kansas must indeed be ablaze with prairie-fire enthusiasm when it warmed up to Fairbanks.

If an insurance policy on a man's life is a good risk for the company, it is a poor one for his wife.

Liberty is always represented as a female, but it is difficult for some married men to understand why.

Japanese soldiers did not mind missing their meals as long as there was a chance for them to die in battle.

It makes the average person almost as mad to have people tell lies about him as it does when they tell the truth.

Do you remember that eight years ago today you could hardly eat or sleep for worrying over the silver question?

The Baltic fleet has succeeded in getting back to the Baltic without hitting a mine. Evidently the Japs are becoming careless.

There is another rumor that the Czar is going to the front. The longer he waits the less distance there will be for him to go.

It is said that the Crown Prince of Germany will marry for love, but as he is not to marry a Chicago girl some people may have their doubts.

An Ohio bachelor who was to be married the next day was left in charge of his sister's baby for ten minutes—and that night he took to the tall timber.

Fifty Cincinnati telephone girls have been discharged for flirting on the wires. They deserved what they got. Girls who can't confine themselves to flirting face to face are not entitled to any sympathy.

Experts say women are naturally better swimmers than men, "because their conformation gives them at once buoyancy and equilibrium in the water." There are few things in which man may still claim to excel, but he undoubtedly continues to hold first place when it comes to shaving himself with his left hand.

A MAN OF MYSTERY;

...OR...

WHO WAS BETRAYED.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 32, Aug. 6. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RALPH SHOWS HIS HAND.

It will be remembered that Ralph Rohan had, from the first, been prepossessed in Larkin Lawless' favor; and that he was in the habit of laughing at the unfavorable, and, as he believed, unfounded view of the young man's character that Cora St. Orme had formed, and that she was so fond of expressing. Even when, in consequence of that young lady's change of sentiment and her apparent liking for Lawless, Ralph timidly stepped into the background, he honorably held to his first opinion.

The finding of the sleeve-button by Cora, and which she insisted belonged to Lark, thus identifying him with the attempt on the life of Anne Molyneux, had made little or no impression upon Ralph's mind; nor even was his picking up the mate to it, which, it was plain, Lawless had just thrown from his window in the hotel at Eastlake, full confirmation of what he preferred not to suspect.

But when, upon Ralph's return, and his subsequent engagement to Miss St. Orme, he was told, for the first time, the story of the abduction, and what had immediately preceded it, all doubts on the subject vanished.

He agreed with Cora and her uncle that it was best every way nothing should be said of this last affair, and that, in regard to Miss Molyneux, as that singular personage was undoubtedly alive, though invisible, it was for her, if any one, to move in the matter.

Lark Lawless was, of course, seen no more at Major Warder's; but Ralph Rohan knew that, sooner or later, he and the villain must meet, and he concluded it was best, as affairs were now arranged, that he himself should seek the meeting.

He had an excuse, a pacific one we mean, for calling upon Lawless, for both the well-known initial buttons were now in his possession.

Lark, when his former friend was announced, was occupied in reading a somewhat lengthy epistle from Vladiskoff which had just been brought him. Rohan's card disconcerted him for some seconds, but there was no help for it; and, be it peace or war, he would meet the envoy. Were they to do their worst—and by "they" he meant Ralph and Major Warder—he would be out of the way in time, did they give him ever so little breathing space; for the Bremen steamer would sail within two days, and Phil Fitzgerald was expected that very night in New York.

"Show the gentleman up," he said to the boy.

"It won't do to be too demonstrative," he thought. "That would be overdoing it. But I can meet him as if nothing had happened."

"Good-morning," he said, in a friendly voice, and putting out his hand sideways, pretended to be engrossed with his letter. "You will excuse me a moment."

The hand was not taken.

Putting down the letter, Lark looked up.

"You look serious," he said. "Is there anything the matter?"

"Nothing with me," was the reply. "I called to return some property of yours."

"Of mine, my dear fellow?"

"Of yours."

So saying, Ralph Rohan produced the telltale sleeve buttons and laid them on the table.

Lawless started.

"What are those?" he asked.

"You see what they are," said Rohan; "and I fancy I am not mistaken in supposing you have already identified them as your own."

"They bear my initial, certainly," said Lark, taking them up; "and I—yes, I once owned a pair of the same pattern. I do not know whether they are still in my possession."

"They are at this moment"—Ralph was very chilling in his words and manner—"though they were not for some little time previous."

"Oh, well," was Lark's rejoinder, as he pocketed the trinkets; "since you guarantee them to be my property, I have only to thank you for returning them."

He was fast learning to be equal to any emergency, and his coolness just then was scarcely surpassed by that of his visitor.

Ralph's unchanging look of cold contempt disconcerted the unmasked villain not a little, but he was determined not to show it.

The indignant witness of such effrontery was almost tempted to speak what was in his mind, but turned away to conceal the anger that was now mingled with the scorn he felt for him. But he had not seen the limit of Lark's audacity.

Concluding from Rohan's silence that there was nothing more than suspicion lurking in his mind, a suspicion which he might hope by a display of injured innocence to dispel, Lawless arose to his feet and confronted his old friend.

"Rohan," exclaimed Lawless, with a show of feeling in his voice, "what is the meaning of this?"

"I think I have sufficiently explained," was the answer. "I have the honor to wish you a good day."

"What, in the name of mystery, I ask you, is the matter?"

"A great deal."

Lark, with the show of innocence that might have been worn by the most immaculate, intercepted Ralph's passage to the door and stood in his way—the picture of virtue in consternation.

"You must give me an explanation," he said.

"I am unhappily bound," answered Ralph, with chilling politeness, "otherwise nothing could be more agreeable to me than to say all that is in my mind. My consolation is in the conviction that it is known to you already.

"However, as I have said, I should be more than glad to repeat it, were I not bound by a promise to another."

"And that other?"

"We will not mention the name, if you please."

"Rohan, you amaze me! You strike at me in a way that, by heavens—— no, I cannot understand you. It is too much for me."

"I fancied it would be."

"You must not go, I say!" Lawless burst out, with admirably assumed violence. "You have no right to withhold from me an explanation of this change in your deportment."

"Have I not? Have you not a sufficient one in what I brought you? I think you have it in your pocket at this moment."

The scoundrel winced.

"What mean you?" he demanded, still keeping up the farce.

"Answer that yourself. I am persuaded you can do it."

"What is it that you suspect?"

"A great deal," Ralph answered, "but I care not to deal in mere suspicions, however closely they may point to crime. I think and act solely upon what I know."

This, one would think, should have settled the arch-hypocrite. In truth, Lark Lawless saw clearly that much, it might be the worst even, was known.

Still he kept up the part he had assumed. At worst there was nothing more to be lost.

"You have not chosen the most manly way in which to insult me," he said, with a sudden change of front. "Your treatment of me is as cowardly as it is undeserved."

"Allow me to pass," returned Rohan, quietly. "I repeat, there is nothing more to be said."

"By heavens, yes! There is much to be said."

"You will have it, then?" Ralph was unmoved as ever. "You affect to have failed to catch my meaning all along?"

"Except that you seek to insult me."

"Insult you? Bah!"

"What, then, do I infer?"

"This—that I know you."

"I should not care if you did, but I much doubt it."

"Well enough for my purpose, at all events," said the young man, now thoroughly aroused. "I suppose you fail to understand that?"

"Utterly."

"Well, try to take this in, will you? I once believed you all that was true and honorable. I have come to know far differently. I have learned to think of you as everything that is base and unworthy!

"I have proved you to be unworthy of a gentleman's notice. I know you to be base, low, designing and cowardly. And I desire to know you no more!"

Lark began to bluster at this.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Ralph Rohan, contemptuously, "you would fight on the strength of that, would you? It is a barbarous idea, but were you not beyond the pale of recognition I should dearly like to accommodate you.

"You are likely, however, to get all you can relish of that from men of your own kidney before your career is ended, if I mistake not—so be satisfied.

"As for any further explanations, they could only be a matter of form in your case, and you know that quite as well as I do. Besides, as I have said, I am not at liberty to go into details.

"Only bear this in mind—for the future we can have nothing more to say to each other!"

"Go your way!"

Lark Lawless almost shouted this, and with all the dignity he could command.

He stepped aside. Ralph Rohan passed out, and he saw him no more.

Humiliating as it had been from first to last, Lark felt not a little relieved when it was all over. Whatever Rohan might know, it seemed tolerably certain that he would make no further use of that knowledge.

And what he knew must be the same that was known and suspected by Miss St. Orme. Ralph had spoken of being bound by a promise he had made, and to whom could this have been given but to Cora? That they were now betrothed Lark had learned.

How those accursed sleeve-links had come into Ralph's possession, Lark was at a loss to imagine.

One of them, he but too well remembered, he had lost on that fatal evening when he had encountered the vengeful Anne Molyneux; and the other, later on, he had thrown from a window in the hotel at Eastlake, the fear having arisen in his mind that the duplicate of it might be picked up, and this one possibly seen with him.

Now he anathematized his stupidity in having done so. What an idiot he had been to fling it in the very spot from which it might be traced back to him!

Well, they had both been found, but what of it?

Anne Molyneux's body had not been found—she had been neither seen nor missed at Eastlake, it would seem—and so no crime of that nature could be even surmised. And what else was there that Cora or Ralph could know?

Nothing!

They might connect him—it was more than probable that they did—with the abduction and two days' detention of the young lady, but he was firm in the conviction that they could prove nothing.

What witnesses were there?

McDermot might possibly have known, but the ill-starred dynamiter had been hoist by his own petard.

Dan Fogarty, the tool employed in the dastardly affair, had, beyond a doubt, shared McDermot's fate. There remained only Fogarty's interesting relict.

Lark Lawless started.

From that point the danger might impend. The lovely Mary Ellen had not been over and above amiable when he last saw her, and she might be holding him morally responsible for Dan's untimely taking off. Not that she mourned her "ould man" deeply, but then, as Lark sagely reminded himself, there is no accounting for women.

"The hag will bear watching," he decided.

And he was not far wrong.

CHAPTER XXV.

HE HAD HIS DOUBTS.

Phil Fitzgerald had gone on the mission to which the secret society of which he was a member, suggested by Larkin Lawless, had appointed him, but it was not without some misgivings.

These men, among whom Lark was looked upon in the light of an oracle, had caught readily at the proposal of Polinski, made through Lawless, and warmly seconded by him, in regard to the purchase of the rifles. The money could easily be raised; in fact, it was already in the hands of collectors, awaiting some such great occasion as the present, and could at once be called in.

Philip Fitzgerald was, accordingly, delegated to perform that duty, while Lark Lawless was, as he had foreseen he would be, appointed their agent for the purchase of the arms.

But, though Lawless held such sway among his co-patriots, it lacked here and there one of being universal. Lark was a great man, undoubtedly. Phil was willing to admit, a great speaker, and, it might be, a great patriot; but Fitzgerald, when he got thus far in his summary, was of late in the habit of adding, though only mentally:

"I have me doubts."

Phil was only generalizing, however.

To save him, he could not have said what it was in Lawless that made him thus mildly suspicious. Just prior to his being given this commission, however, the doubt in Phil's mind had begun to assume a more definite form.

To begin with, Philip Fitzgerald was related to Daniel Fogarty.

He had never been proud of the fact—quite the contrary, indeed, for Phil was fifty times the man, morally and mentally, that Dan was—but when the latter disappeared, as we have seen, and there were grave suspicions that in some way he had met with foul play, all the clannishness of the Celtic nature asserted itself; for, as Phil put it, was he not "his first cousin once removed"?

Had Dan sedately gone over to the silent majority in the natural order of things, Phil would have been in no way distressed; for the O'Driscoll blood that was in the veins of both of them had many a time been disgraced during Fogarty's career. But he could not brook the idea that a wrong had been done to one of his clan, and that wrong should remain unavenged.

It was not that Fitzgerald, at the first, connected Lawless with the matter. He knew not that Lark had been mixed up with McDermot in the affair of the house in West Twenty-ninth street, nor did he even suspect that it was in the said mansion that Dan Fogarty came to his end.

Yet Dan had disappeared, and that this meant he was dead was very evident from the pomp of woe in which Mary Ellen now disported herself in public.

"She knows more nor she'll tell, bad scran to her red head!" Phil would mutter. "There's a bad drop in all thim Crogans, an', faith, she always had more nor her share."

So it came about that before setting out for the West, Phil Fitzgerald took upon himself to interview his cousin's widow.

"Never mind cryin', Mrs. Fogarty," he said when, the subject having been broached, that interesting female became at once lachrymose; "never mind cryin'—we'll take all that for granted."

But it was only after she had done what she deemed her full duty to the memory of the departed, that Madam Fogarty condescended to give a true statement of Dan's connection with Lark Lawless.

"I don't want to know who the gerril was," interrupted Phil, when Mary Ellen began to speak of the abduction; "that's another matter entirely. So Dan, ye tell me, was put in charge of the shebang?"

"Yis, sor; Dan an' meself."

"Av coorse. Dan an' yourself. An' Dan was there whin the explosion tuck place? Ye needn't deny it, for I'm sure of it!"

"He was that same, Misther Fitz; but, sure, there's nobody avin suspicions it barrin' meself, for the remains that was identified was thought to be part an' parcel, body, sowl, an' britches, of Misther McDermot—God be good till us all!"

"Amen," said Phil, piously.

"But you do know that some o 'thim was himself?"

"That I do too well," assented the widow, with a fresh burst.

"Come, now, let up on that!" admonished the ungallant Mr. Fitzgerald. "The question is, who put the dynamite in the ould crib—for it's dynamite must have been there—was it McDermot or Lawless?"

"Divil a wan o' me knows, thin; but sure it c'u'dn't ha' bin Misther Mac. Ye know yerself, Misther Fitz, he'd never bin the wan till blow up himself—rest his sowl!"

"I should think not. He wasn't the wisest man in the worruld, Mac wasn't, but he knew something about explosives, and there niver was annything like shuicide in his head."

"That there wasn't, sor."

"Then it was Lawless?"

"Ye must judge for yerself, Misther Fitz."

"I do. Now, tell me about Dan; that is, if ye can do it widout raisin' a hullaballoo an' disturbin' every sowl in the tinement."

"I'll thry, sor."

And Mrs. Fogarty did so.

"He'd been on a tear, for poor Dan would do that same betune times——"

"That he would," interrupted Phil, grimly.

"An' so, Misther Fitz, when he come in that night a thrifle overcome, I met him."

"With a smile, I suppose?"

"No, sor, but wid the broomstick—God help us!—an' I persuaded the poor man till lie down an' slape it off."

Mary Ellen did not see fit to tell Dan's kinsman that she wanted her husband out of sight and hearing when Dermot McDermot should make his appearance.

"Well, sor, thin I had till step out for a minit till see a sick neighbor, an' thin it's like Misther Mac let himself in."

"You hadn't been expectin' him, then?"

"Is it me? An' what for sh'u'd I be expectin' him? What had he till do wid the house an' its belongin's?"

"I'm sure that's more nor I can tell. All the same, it was him that had rinted it in the first place."

"What o' that? Hadn't Misther Lawless rinted it from him in the second place?"

"I know. And Mr. Lawless had the key?"

"He kep' wan himself, an' wan he gave till me."

"Naturally. Then McDermot had no key to the house that you are aware of?"

"Divil a wan," replied the mendacious Mary Ellen.

"But he must have let himself in?"

It did not occur to Fitzgerald that when the young lady who was imprisoned in the house made her escape, as it was evident she must have done, she might have left the street door open. Shrewd though he was, he did not see that, in this way, Dermot McDermot might have gained admission.

"Then, as you did not admit him——"

"An', faith, I niver did!" interrupted the widow, with an indignant air.

"So it seems. Then there was no one else till do it but Lawless. That's all there is to it!"

"It's the lawyer ye ought till be, Misther Fitz," said Mary Ellen, admiringly. "The likes o' that would niver ha' come intil my mind at all, at all."

"If you had cared half as much for poor Dan as you keep pretendin', ye hypocritical ould wisp out of the devil's straw-bed—but whin was ever a Crogan annything else?—ye'd ha' thought it out long ago!"

Phil withdrew without any further ceremony, leaving Mary Ellen in affected hysterics.

But Mrs. Fogarty was rather pleased than otherwise at the impression she had left on her visitor's mind.

Though not in thorough sympathy with him in the affair of her husband's taking off—for Dan had been, in her opinion, a decided detriment—she felt to the depths of her sordid soul that Lark Lawless had not treated her with sufficient liberality in the beginning, and, although she had sold him out to McDermot later on, she resented his not having come forward after the catastrophe, and helped her to bear her bereavement with a handful of greenbacks.

She had never coupled Dermot McDermot with the affair of the dynamite. To her, it was plain as day that Lawless had placed it there, though for what purpose she had no idea. Neither, for that matter, had Philip Fitzgerald. It was enough for him to be convinced that Larkin Lawless was—and whether directly or indirectly he little cared—responsible for the death of Dan Fogarty.

With these sentiments in his breast, Phil had set out; and it is doing him no more than justice to say they rankled there.

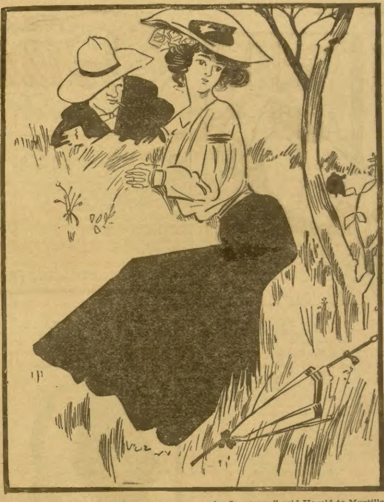
For all that, he did the work upon which he was sent, and he did it well. When he returned to New York, it was with the full amount, and more, which the occasion, as the dupes of Lark Lawless thought, demanded.

He must pay it over, and to Lawless at that—this he well knew—and though it would be with much reluctance, Fitzgerald was unable to see how he could, with any show of plausibility, express his doubts as to their agent's trustworthiness. The thought troubled him not a little.

Upon reaching his room, before going to the meeting which had been called for that evening, Phil's first thought was of the correspondence that had accumulated in his absence.

One of his letters differed so much from the others in appearance, that Philip scanned it, wondering and admiringly, before he opened it.

"This billy-doo is from a lady," he soliloquized. "I have me doubts."



"And so you have come here every summer for five years," said Harold to Myrtilla.

"Yes."

"But I should think you would have grown tired of seeing the same hills and the same trees and the same lakes and the same bluffs."

"Well, I do get tired of the same old bluffs, even if they are made by different men each year."

CHAPTER XXVI.

SANS CEREMONIE.

"I am under no obligation to him. It has been he that felt and so expressed himself toward me from the first.

"As far as the duties for which he has paid me are concerned, I have performed them faithfully, and that he has never failed to acknowledge.

"There is no treachery, no breach of confidence in what I am about to do, for he has told me nothing. Nor have I spied upon him and his affairs. What I know has come to me without my seeking to know it.

"I might—I cannot say, though I hope not—I might be content to see this trusting old man, this childlike enthusiast, deceived and led to his death; but I cannot and I will not let slip the opportunity I have so long sought of avenging myself upon Larkin Lawless!"

"It was Vladimir Vladiskoff's secretary who thus spoke, and Aileen Molyneux's sole audience was herself.

She had heard much, nearly all, in fact, that had passed between her employer and the traitorous Lawless, with reference to the imposture that was being practiced upon Paul Polinski; and she well knew how fatal its termination, should the affair be effectually carried out, would be to the cruelly deceived old man.

Vladiskoff had said nothing to Arthur Loftus directly in reference to his intended speedy return to Europe, much less to speak of his secretary's remaining with him.

The Russian apparently took it for granted that the secretary understood all that it was needful for him to know, and that, being wise enough to appreciate his present position, Loftus would continue to fill the post for which he seemed eminently suited. Indeed, there had happened nothing that could lead Vladiskoff to infer anything different.

The love affair, which, it had occurred to Vladiskoff at the start, must be the reason of the supposed young man's evident desire to visit America, had, if it ever existed except in his imagination, died out; for not the slightest manifestation of it had come to the surface since they had been together. He, for his part, had never ceased to feel that he owed his life to Loftus, and while he could benefit him—and this, it appeared, was the only way in which that was possible—he was only too glad to do it.

But his mission to this country was now about ending, and in a way more gratifying to himself, as it promised, than even in his most sanguine dreamings he had dared picture it.

And the mission of Aileen Molyneux—that too was, she saw with exultation, about being accomplished.

Proud and immaculate, as Larkin Lawless had wished to be considered, though he was far from being either, the retribution that awaited him at her hands was that to which even death, coward though he was, would have been preferred by him.

Yes, disgrace and defeat in the very moment of victory; to go out from among those who had honored and trusted him, branded with the stigma of traitor, and that the vilest of its kind—selling his comrade for gold—this was to be the fitting close of his career. It had come about in a way of which the girl had never thought, and much sooner than she had dared hope for.

And yet another defeat and doom, unknown to Aileen, awaited Lark Lawless.

As far as Vladiskoff was concerned, that gentleman was but obeying orders. The Government which he represented considered Polinski a most dangerous man to be at large, and it was ready to pay handsomely for his return to its jurisdiction. It mattered little to Russia in what manner this was accomplished. The one desire was to have the Nihilist leader in safe keeping.

To effect this would be a marked achievement for Vladimir Vladiskoff, and the character of the agents he employed in it was a minor consideration.

No one could despise Lawless more thoroughly than he did; for he had read the fellow at first sight, and had seen in him the man for his purpose. Though pleased at Lark's decision to accompany him and Polinski, it was only because he felt that the villain's presence would be likely to allay any suspicions which might arise in the old man's mind later on. Once everything was secure, he would have no further use for Lark Lawless.

If the scoundrel thus saw matters as they were, and he could hardly fail to do so, it is probable that the thought gave him no concern.

He was to be paid for his services, and paid liberally; and money, in his sight, was like charity—it covered a multitude of sins.

"I'm a made man, when I get through this and the other affair; and then, patriotism, Ireland, and America, too, may go to the old Nick together!"

So Lark said to himself continually.

Although ever the same at heart, he had, up to the last few days, prided himself on having kept those white hands of his unsoiled by bribes. Every man, no matter how low he may have sunk, has his own standard of virtue; and that was Lark's. He had drawn the line at that point.

True, he had lied and pretended a good deal in the course of his career, but he had done it so well that until recently he had never been in danger of exposure.

There are no end of people in this world with whom being found out stands in the place of conscience, and although some insist that the possession of brains argues the existence of such an inward monitor, Lark Lawless was one of these.

Detection, were it to come to him, would be bitter indeed!

The scorn and contempt of Ralph Rohan he had found hard to bear. He had valued Ralph as much as it was in his nature to care for anybody, and he had even hoped that, come what would, the young man would continue to believe in him.

Full of thoughts which were none of the pleasantest, Lark sought the presence of the one man with whom he now felt completely at ease. And yet, this was the very one who knew him best, and held him at a proper estimate.

"Anything new, Lawless?" asked Vladiskoff.

"No fresh development," was the reply.

"You have seen Polinski again, I take it?"

"Certainly. I had a long confab with him last night. He hopes Brunner will call on him today."

"Brunner will make it a point to do so," said the Russian, with a laugh. "Of course he remembers that we sail tomorrow?"

Why Plug Along
On $8 a Week
when you can earn $20 just as easy. You can become a Show-Card Writer, Advertisement Writer, Newspaper Illustrator, Mechanical Draughtsman, Architectural Draughtsman, Surveyor, Stenographer or Book-keeper. If you can read and write and will study in your spare time as we direct, we guarantee to qualify you for a good-paying position. We have successful students in your neighborhood to whom we can refer you. The rise of many of them read like romance. Write for "*1001 Stories of Success*," stating what you want to become.
INTERNATIONAL CORRES. SCHOOLS,
Box 893 Scranton, Pa.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LADIES, SHOW YOUR COLORS. The bangle ring (or pin), the latest and daintiest campaign novelty. The likeness of your favorite candidate in raised effect. Roman gold. The ring is heavy gold-filled wire, will not discolor finger. Send 15c. today for ring or pin, or 25c. for both. SUPERIOR CO. 153 N. Sawyer, Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

"He would not be likely to forget that," answered Mark.

"I don't know. The old fellow's vision, being extended to that chaotic Utopia of his, is liable to pass over nearer objects."

"Your own preparations are made, I suppose?"

"Nearly so."

"Better have them entirely so, as mine are."

"I have only to meet one of our committee tonight," said Lawless.

"I see; and get leave of absence."

"You have hit it."

"Your going off thus suddenly in company with our friend the anarchist is likely to cause some little commotion in the ranks of the patriots, is it not?"

Lark knew that it would, provided he succeeded according to his plans, but he did not say so.

"I have explained all that to them," he said, carelessly.

"You're a lucky fellow to get away from that crowd," said Vladiskoff, with a contemplating shrug; "for, of course, you will never think of being again let into their counsels."

Lawless looked alarmed.

He began to think that the Russian had, in some way, discovered his scheme to get the funds of the League into his hands.

"Why not?" he stammered.

"Well, in plain English—for why the devil should one mince matters with you?—because it is evident you have never been able to make it pay."

Broad though the insinuation was, Lark was so much relieved that he smiled pleasantly.

"I have never aimed at that," he replied.

"That of course," said the other, sarcastically. "Like myself, I have no doubt, you work for patriotism, and then if pay comes it is only incidental and by the way. Only it is not always sure—so at least I have heard, for I have never tried it and don't intend to—it is never safe to sell out.

"But, you say, the old dreamer is expecting a call from me. That is only natural, though I hope I shall not be obliged to bring my powers of persuasion to bear on him a second time. Your friend is very exhaustive. I might need your assistance again in that case, and I dare say you will be busy."

Lark took his leave, and Vladiskoff, his secretary being invisible, began putting away the few remaining books and papers that lay scattered around the room.

"One more interview with Polinski, and then Vladimir Vladiskoff must prepare to become Serge Brunner for at least a fortnight!

"Lucky for me that I am well up in my part, and that this hopeful renegade is ready to aid in carrying it out. Thanks to him, or rather to his sordid make-up, the chance for securing the prize has come to me in a way that was unexpected. There seems no possibility of its failing, though a child might see through it.

"But Brunner is a strong card, and Lawless, to do him justice, is another."

It was little wonder that the Russian spy was elated. The perfidy of a villain who was easily bought had placed the man, whose capture had been so long an object with his Government, in his hands.

The story he had concocted would cajole the credulous old being as far as Vienna; and, once there, it would be no difficult matter, by pretending a short trip from the Austrian capital, to get on the wrong train and land Paul Polinski among the Imperialists!

Truly, there is nothing like patient perseverance, and Vladiskoff had allowed it to have its perfect work.

He got ready to go out and make the promised call upon Polinski.

"But, first, I must see Loftus for a moment," he said.

But he never saw Arthur Loftus again.

Next week's issue of the Ledger will present further chapters of this highly interesting story to the reader. It will pay you to follow the characters to the end of the narrative. Each subscriber to the Ledger is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

◆

No New Experience.

Miss de Muir—I'm sorry, Mr. Spoonamore, but it cannot be. . . . Pardon me for asking the question, but have you ever been disappointed in love before?

Young Spoonamore—Hundreds of times, Miss de Muir; hundreds of times. It's nothing. I always get over it. . . . Pardon my lapse of memory, but didn't I propose to you once or twice before?

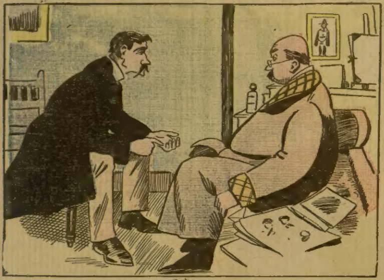
◆

Very Hard.

"Of course, a horseshoe always means luck."

"Oh, yes, and if the horse passes it up to you behind your back it means hard luck."

HOPING AGAINST HOPE.



Physician—Your wife will not be able to speak above a whisper for a week or more.
Husband—But, say, doctor, is there any hope of her disease becoming chronic?

Too Many Airs.

First Heeler—No use talkin'. Quick as we elect a feller to a high office, he begins ter put on airs an' make hisself disagreeable. I'll never vote fur Lightweight ag'in.

Second Heeler—He's a good feller.

First Heeler—Huh! Where you been livin'? Only last Sunday I saw 'im all spruced up an' a-goin' to church.

Getting Even.

Friend—Moved back to the city, I see.

Suburban Resident—Yes. A human hog bought the vacant lot next door to me, stuck up his house close to the street, and built a barn alongside of my windows.

"What have you done with the property?"

"Rented it to a man who plays a bass horn."

AGENTS WANTED

LADIES OR GENTS SIZE FREE

Any one can get this handsome SOLID GOLD finished Watch, hunting case, stem winder and setter, and other valuable presents, as per catalogue, by selling our fine jewelry. Don't send us a cent, order today and we will trust you with 12 of our fast-selling novelties, sell them at 10 cents each and [illegible] the $1.20 which you will receive from their sale and we will send you a beautiful Solid Gold finished Watch-Chain and Charm the same day that money is received.
AMERICAN JEWELRY CO. Dept. 103 New Haven, Conn.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

HOW TO FIT GLASSES

FREE EYE BOOK

explains how to fit glasses and establish a business of your own which will

PAY YOU $10 A DAY

Send us your name and address today.
JACKSONIAN OPTICAL COLLEGE (Chartered)
66 College Building, Jackson, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STEM SET STEM WIND FREE Gold WATCH

We give this MODERN AMERICAN MOVEMENT watch, fully warranted to keep CORRECT time, FREE to boys and girls or anyone, selling 24 pieces handsome Jewelry at 10c. each. The Case is SOLID GOLD PLATED, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, guaranteed 25 years. Write today and we send jewelry postpaid. When sold send us the $2.40 and the Watch and Chain are POSITIVELY sent you by return mail.
U. S. MFG. CO.
Dept. 21. 258 Roscoe Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Agents Wanted

To take orders for our popular line of custom made clothing. No capital required. Big money made by good salesmen. One agent made $80 in four days. Write at once for outfit before best territory is taken. Address
The Warrington W. & W. Mills, Dept 4, Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING

An American movement watch with Solid Gold Plated Case, fully warranted to keep correct time, equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Filled Watch warranted 25 years. Also a Solid Rolled Gold Zambesi Diamond Ring, sparkling with the fiery brilliancy of a $50 diamond, are given absolutely Free to Boys & Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send you the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us $2, and we will send you both watch and ring, also a chain. BOND JEWELRY CO., Dept. 24 CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PERSONAL to AGENTS

SAMPLE ONLY 15C.

ALUMINUM TEA AND COFFEE STRAINER

is made of one solid piece of aluminum. Has no joints to catch dirt and retain grease. No Kitchen Complete Without One. Light as a feather, beautiful as silver. Won't rust or wear out. Sample only 15 cts.
Agents wanted. W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505. Pittsburgh, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

The Last Straw.

Mr. Knickerbock-Van Avnoo—Do you mean to say that all is lost?

Mr. Knickerbock-Van Avnoo—Every dollar. Nothing can be saved. We must give up this fine house.

"No matter. We will have less care."

"We must give up our horses."

"I can walk."

"And our servants."

"I will do the work myself."

"And—our hyphen."

Then she fainted.

A One-Night Stand.

Mr. Yokell—Say, I hev read "Hamlet," an' he doan't die in the fust ack the way you did last night.

Barney Storm (the tragedian)—Eh! Did any of the rest notice that change?

"Guess not."

"Well, I'll tell you how it was. I am the manager of the company, and I generally play "Hamlet" all right; but last night my partner was drunk, and I had to kill myself off so as to attend to the scene shifting."

The Worms Turn.

Stranger—I understand that there has just been a lynching here?

Native—Yep. Some time ago one of our citizens received a calathumpian serenade on his weddin' night. All the toughs in town was there, and the noise could 'a' been heard five miles. Finally he fired into 'em with a shotgun.

"Have you lynched him for that?"

"Naw. We've just been lynchin' the jury w'at found him guilty."

The Public Need Protection.

Dealer—I see the butter-makers are demanding more laws to protect the public from imposition.

Housekeeper—It's high time. That last lot of oleo you sold me wasn't oleo at all. It was nothing but mean, miserable, cheap dairy butter, and it tasted so awful that we couldn't eat it.

Chose the Lesser Evil.

Tess—That horrid Mr. Hansom insisted upon kissing me last night.

Jess—Why didn't you scream?

Tess—I didn't want to scare the poor fellow.

Incontestable Proof.

Insurance Agent—What are the proofs of your husband's death, madam?

The Widow—Well, he hasn't been home for the last three nights.

One or the Other.

Blimmer—Just see that covered carriage down there meandering along all over the street.

Glimmer—H'm! The driver must be either a drunken man or a sober woman.

We Use It.

Guest (from Holland)—What amazes me is that you Americans make so little use of wind power.

American Host—Good lands! The whole United States Government is run by it.

Illustrations Needed.

Hackwriter—How would you like an article on Solomon?

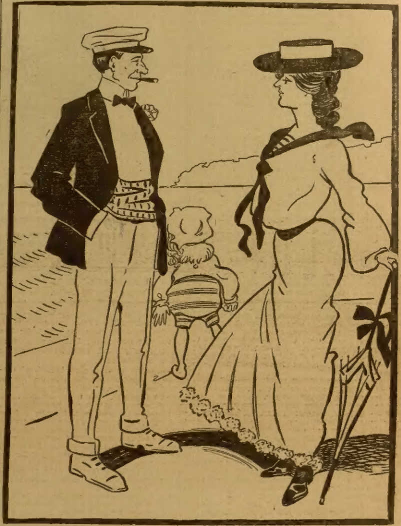
Magazine Editor—First rate, if you can only furnish a complete set of portraits of his wives.

A Sure Sign.

"He's still employed by that big wholesale house, isn't he?"

"No, I think he's in business for himself now. He used to take an hour for lunch, but now he only takes a bare five minutes."

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER.



Author—So you've read my novel. I'll bet you had to look at the last page to see how it came out.

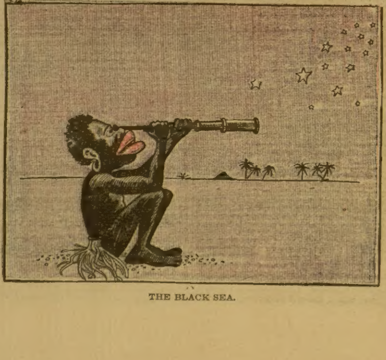
Fair Critic—No; I looked at the name of the publishers on the title page to see how it came out, and even now I can't understand how it was.

A Boston Swell.

Briggs—I suppose Horace is all right; but then he is so effeminate—a regular sissy!

Griggs—But he isn't aware of it. He was telling me the other day he couldn't understand why the brakeman always assisted him on and off the train.

GEOGRAPHY LESSON.



THE BLACK SEA.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the fact and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

A Wall Street Character.

Jack—Going to the fancy ball?

George—Can't afford a costume.

"Got a threadbare coat?"

"Of course."

"And an old pair of baggy trousers?"

"Certainly."

"Well, put them on, and go as a millionaire."

Partial Believer.

"I suppose," she said, "you would not believe that I am a grandmother at thirty-seven?"

"Oh," he replied, "I can believe the grandmother part of it all right."

Strange Oversight.

Listener—Yes, that's a pretty good story you've told, but it's not new. I read it a year ago in one of the five-cent weeklies.

Borus (struggling author)—Great Scott! I thought every publisher I sent that story to had returned it to me!

She Was Right.

Mr. Sharpp—If there were no women, the men would have nothing to laugh at.

Mrs. Sharpp—If there were no women, the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at. They would not feel like laughing.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

Agrees With Him About Food.

A trained nurse says: "In the practice of my profession I have found so many points in favor of Grape-Nuts food that I unhesitatingly recommend it to all my patients.

"It is delicate and pleasing to the palate (an essential in food for the sick) and can be adapted to all ages, being softened with milk or cream for babies or the aged when deficiency of teeth renders mastication impossible. For fever patients or those on liquid diet I find 'Grape-Nuts and albumen water very nourishing and refreshing.' This recipe is my own idea and is made as follows: Soak a teaspoonful of Grape-Nuts in a glass of water for an hour, strain and serve with the beaten white of an egg and a spoonful of fruit juice for flavoring. This affords a great deal of nourishment that even the weakest stomach can assimilate without any distress.

"My husband is a physician and he uses Grape-Nuts himself and orders it many times for his patients.

"Personally I regard a dish of Grape-Nuts with fresh or stewed fruit as the ideal breakfast for anyone—well or sick." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

In any case of stomach trouble, nervous prostration or brain fag, a 10 days' trial of Grape-Nuts will work wonders toward nourishing and rebuilding, and in this way ending the trouble. "There's a reason" and trial proves.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Tough Luck.

First Holdup Man—What did you get from him?

Second Holdup Man—A receipted gas bill, two duns from a tailor, a notice to settle the rent, two protested checks, an order to appear in court, and six club dues notices.

First Holdup Man—Must be a trust promoter.

A Confident Assertion.

"Some political economists," said the woman with steel-rimmed glasses, "say that an excess of money is a disease."

"Well," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "if you know any one who is worried that way he can go to the races with my husband and get cured."

Found an Angel.

Husband—Got a new girl, I see.

Wife—Yes, and she's an angel, too.

"How can you know that? She hasn't been here half a day yet."

"True, but she tells me that she once lived with your mother, and stood it for three weeks."

A Fad Follower.

Burglar—W'at's become o' Slickfinger's sister?

Sneeky Sam—Servin' time for followin' a fashionable fad.

"Wot fad?"

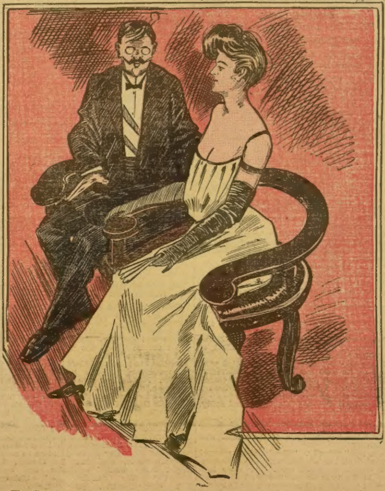
"Kleptomanier."

Ye Mother-in-law as She Is.

Grocer—You seem to be living mostly on canned goods lately.

Mr. Newwed (sadly)—Yes; my wife's mother is away.

A DIFFERENCE.



The Count—Do American girls all desire to marry nobility?
The Girl—No, the most of them would prefer to marry men.

Just His Imagination.

"Julia," her father called from the head of the stairs.

"Yes, father."

"Did I hear a smack down there just now?"

"If you did you're a wonder. I've been listening for one all evening, but without results."

At the Camp-Meeting.

Brother Remus arose and shook his finger at the members of his fold.

"Bruddahs and sistahs," he shouted, "ef yo' would only close yo' eyes on Satan lak yo' do on de collection box dis heah fold would go on to glory fastah den an automobile."

Wherefore.

Mrs. Dix (who has been abroad)—Is young Gotrox still paying attention to your daughter?

Mrs. Hix—Oh, no; that is a thing of the past.

Mrs. Dix—What was the trouble?

Mrs. Hix—They were married last month.

Didn't Count.

They had been engaged but two short days when trouble begun to brew.

"I have just been informed," he said bitterly, "that you have been engaged before."

"Only at the seashore, dear," she replied reassuringly.

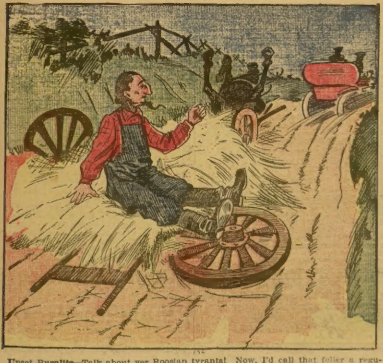
Sorry He Spoke.

Reggy—Bah Jove, there are a lot of people who sing songs these days and don't even mean what they sing.

Miss Rose—You are right, Reggy. Last night you sang "Good-by, My Lady Love" at 10 o'clock and didn't leave until 12.

How True!

"It's strange," remarked the breakfast cynic, "but the young man with the weakest lungs can often blow in the most money."



Upset Ruralite—Talk about yer Roosian tyrants! Now, I'd call that feller a regular autocrat!

AGENTS WANTED
THIS IS YOURS FREE
Answer this ad. to-day.
We are giving away Gold Watches, Jewelry, and other valuable premiums to those who help us introduce our remedies. Send us your name and address and we will mail you four boxes of Dr. Ripley's Compound Iron Pills; sell them at 25 cents a box and remit us the $1.00 received and we will promptly forward you without extra expense or work, the handsome Chatelaine and Pendent shown here, simulating a $20. SOLID GOLD WATCH, American made, and guaranteed for ten years. This is the biggest offer ever made and you will be delighted. We are an old and reliable concern and will present $1000. IN CASH to anyone who can prove that we do not do as we say. Our Pills are good sellers and we are anxious to introduce them in every home no matter what it costs us.
RIPLEY DRUG CO.,
Dept. 214 NewHaven, Conn.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LEARN to make Mirrors and make big money at home Partic. forstamp. MacMasters, D38, Peru, Ind
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$35 PER WEEK AND ALL EXPENSES to man with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods; send stamp EUREKA MANF'G. CO., Dept U Navasota, Texas
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STARK TREES best by Test—78 YEARS. We WANT MORE SALESMEN PAY CASH Weekly Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MEN WANTED $840 a year payable weekly and expenses not over $2.50 per day to Reliable men, local or traveling, generally advertising our goods. SALUS MEDICINAL CO., LONDON, CANADA
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVE Can you spare part of your time for profitable detective work? No experience needed. Write American Detective Ass'n, Indianapolis, Ind.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

IT PAYS men with small capital to give Public Exhibitions with a Magic Lantern, Stereopticon or Moving Picture Outfit. Catalogue free. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED in every county to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. From $75 to $300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 23 Bar St., Canton, O.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CLEAN CUT CAKE TIN FREE TO AGENTS Flat thin knife cuts loose a perfect cake. $2 Outfit free Exp. prepaid. Dept. A L HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, Chicago, Ill., or Buffalo, N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED
men or women. Sell our 16-ounce $1.50 bottle Sarsaparilla, Heart and Nerve Cure, Pine Tree Liniment for 50c. 300 per cent net profit. Best sellers on market. Get territory quick.
ROYAL MFG. CO., R 2, Kansas City, Mo.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STEM WIND & SET FREE GOLD WATCH
This watch is STEM WIND AND STEM SET, American Movement; fully warranted to keep correct time; Solid Gold-laid Engraved Case equal in appearance to a Solid Gold watch, guaranteed 25 years. We give it free to anyone selling only 24 packages of high-grade perfumes at 10c each. Send your address and we will send you the perfumes postpaid. When sold send us the $2.40 and we will positively send you the watch or any premium from catalog. MADISON MILL CO., Dept. 327 Chicago.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 851, Detroit, Mich.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Gold Watch AND RING FREE
An American movement watch with Solid Gold Plated Case, fully warranted to keep correct time, equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Filled Watch warranted 25 years. Also a Solid Rolled Gold Ring set with a rare Cisco Gem, sparkling with the fiery brilliancy of a $50 diamond, are given absolutely Free to Boys & Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us the $2, and we will positively send you both the watch and ring, and a chain. Address: ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 57 CHICAGO
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BIG MAIL FREE!
POST OFFICE
Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agents' Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write to-day. Address
AGENTS' DIRECTORY LIST,
INDIANA INDIANA COUNTY, PA.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ESAU SAMPSON'S BEARD.

"Umph!" grunted an American League fan, in the ninth inning, when a foul tip caught the Detroit catcher square in the wind. "That guy owes a vote of thanks to the man who invented chest protectors, all right, all right."

"You refer to Esau Sampson, I suppose," suggested the fat man in the next seat. "He didn't exactly invent the catcher's protector, though. It just came natural with him. Sort of a growth, y'might say.

"It was back in the early '80s, the year that Bull Thompson, the Lightfoot Lilies' star catcher, got laid up. The Bull had a favorite trick, you remember, of biting the bat and holding it with his teeth when the batsman drew back to hit the ball. He had 'em all guessing with that stunt until he tried it on the terrible Swede of the Beaver Dam (Wis.) Invincibles, and got four of his front teeth extracted for a three-base hit.

"For a while after Bull's accident the Lilies were up against it and Captain Slugger Burrows was scouring the country high and low for some one to fill his shoes.

"'Twas down in Kansas somewhere, I think, that he finally landed on Esau Sampson. At any rate, Esau looked like an orthodox Kansan, all right.

"Whiskers? Why, say, that man's face looked like an eastern view of the seventh Sutherland sister going west with her hair down. Honest, he had the most fertile face I ever trained my lookers on. His beard was enough to make the most wayward of swallows homesick to nest again. It was so long that when he yawned he had to stop walking to keep from stepping on it.

"Did it bother him when he was playing ball? Never but once. On all other occasions those whiskers were the greatest help in the world to him.

"You remember what catchers had to stack up against in the foul tip line before the days of the chest protector? If 'twas nothing worse than the wreck of a floating rib or a vacuum in the air tank, a backstop could consider himself lucky.

"But that was where Esau used to show up so strong. The ball couldn't hurt him. When a foul tip shot through his hands there'd be a slight lowering of the jaw, a sharp rustling sound, and we'd know that another ball was sofely resting in Esau's wondrous facial foliage.

"The only time he came to grief through his hirsute chin crop was in a practice game with the Jones County Eye, Ear and Tongue Infirmary team on the Wednesday before the big championship contest with the Ringtail Roarers.

"'Twas in the last half of the ninth, and the game looked a lead-pipe cinch for the Lilies. The Infirmaries had two men on bases, but the score stood 8 to 6 against them, two were out, and there were two strikes and no balls on the batter.

"But you never can tell in baseball. Who'd ever have thought that just because Dean Braley, the Lilies' pitcher, put a little chewing gum on the ball to give it an extra twist for the third strike that that would have turned the tide of victory?

"It did, though. The third strike came low and Esau missed it. The gum on the ball caught his beard and yanked it between his legs with such terrific force that he turned a complete somersault.

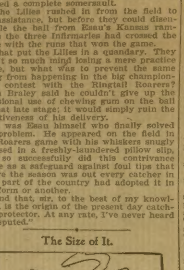
"The Lilies rushed in from the field to his assistance, but before they could disentangle the ball from Esau's Kansas ramblers the three Infirmaries had crossed the plate with the runs that won the game.

"That put the Lilies in a quandary. They didn't so much mind losing a mere practice game, but what was to prevent the same thing from happening in the big championship contest with the Ringtail Roarers? Dean Braley said he couldn't give up the occasional use of chewing gum on the ball at that late stage; it would simply ruin the effectiveness of his delivery.

"It was Esau himself who finally solved the problem. He appeared on the field in the Roarers game with his whiskers snugly encased in a freshly-laundered pillow slip, and so successfully did this contrivance prove as a safeguard against foul tips that before the season was out every catcher in that part of the country had adopted it in one form or another.

"And that, sir, to the best of my knowledge, is the origin of the present day catcher's protector. At any rate, I've never heard it disputed."

The Size of It.



She—I wonder why a woman always marries the man who rescues her from drowning.

He—That's what the man wonders later on.

QUEEN OF THE LOVE-RED ROSE;

Or

MIGNON'S TRAGIC CAREER.

By Constance Beatrice Willard.

[Copyright, 1904, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 34, Aug. 20. Susbscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVI.

"True love is as strong as death."

"But you know I couldn't find you Mr. Gordon."

"I suppose so. I was on a secret mission, but I would have given my life to have known."

"I know, I know. I tried every way, but no one seemed to know where you had gone, and I did not want to say a word to any one else."

"That was right, Tom, that was right, but it breaks my heart. Poor helpless girl, poor helpless girl!"

"You see there had been trouble," Tom Groton whispered.

"Yes, yes."

"But the nurse said she felt glad that it didn't live."

"What?"

Tom's sallow face flushed as he whispered: "Why, the baby."

For a moment Gordon looked gravely, sadly out of his office window, for he had an office of his own, at the sparkling lake, then said softly:

"Oh yes, the baby," then began walking back and forth, his hands buried deep in his pockets. Suddenly he stopped and cried brokenly:

"Poor, little, unprotected thing! And I was willing to give my life for her! Oh, Tom, all I possess would have been yours if you had let me known, could have found me, so I could have taken the poor little thing to my heart and healed those terrible wounds."

Tom's eyes opened behind the glasses he now wore, and he asked slowly: "And you would have married her then?"

"Married her. Of course I would. Damn you, fellow, how could you even think of anything else?"

The younger man's weak eyes filled with tears as he held out his hand falteringly: "I know I would have, or served her on my knees all the rest of my life, but then I didn't know that you would."

"You loved her too?" Gordon asked sadly, grasping the long, lank hand.

"I guess every one did who ever knew her."

"And the identification of the corpse was complete?"

"Oh, yes," wearily. "The face was marred a good deal, but she had only those clothes, and they were swell ones. The body had been in the water some time, and then was washed up at the Thirty-fifth street pier."

"Did it seem as though she had suffered much, in dying I mean?" Gordon faltered.

Tom looked at the young man a moment. Evidently he had never been called upon to identify a corpse, or he would have realized in the fearsome face, eaten by the waves, livid and bruised, there was to be found no such comforting assurance. Still, in pure pity, he would spare him.

"I don't think she did," and he was repaid by the fervent: "Thank God," which came reverently from Gordon's lips.

Then the latter took up the two rings. "I must have these, I must, Tom. All the bills shall be settled and I will give many times over the value of the rings, but I must have them."

Tom's face flushed, and he said gently:

"But I loved her, too. Mother and I wouldn't take a cent, but I wish I could have the plain gold ring."

"What would you do with it?" Gordon asked huskily.

"Wear it the rest of my life in memory of the sweetest and best I ever knew."

Quietly Gordon pushed it over, and then slipped the diamond on his own finger. Tom placed the plain gold one on his own hand, and once more the two men shook hands. The ring Mignon had regarded as a wedding symbol, went on the slender third finger of Tom's undeveloped hand, while the diamond was a tight fit on Gordon's little finger, so much so that he later had to have it stretched.

While Tom was still with Gordon, Jacob came blundering into the room; Jacob with his face marred by tears, and while he was warmly greeted by Gordon, Tom slipped away, never again in this life to forget his love, or to allow another to replace her in his heart.

Jacob and Gordon wrung each other's hands without speaking for a few moments after they were alone, then Gordon gave him particulars, for he had only telegraphed the bare news that Mignon was dead to Jacob, as soon as he learned it himself.

"Little Mignon!" Jacob whispered through his fast falling tears. Why, man alive, she wouldn't be out of her teens."

"I know it, I know it."

"Well, the letter was right after all, but she would have been just as welcome," Jacob continued.

"What letter?"

"The one which killed father. You were right, we had no right to let her come in here. God, when I looked about me as I came in this morning, and thought of that poor, ignorant little thing in the midst of all this misery, why I just cursed myself up and down for ever letting her come."

"I have often and often done that, Jacob, but, old man, that letter was not true, I am sure of it."

"Why not?"

"For various reasons. One thing Mignon never did anything wrong. I know that in my innermost heart. She was imposed upon, deceived, betrayed, but she never did a single thing she thought wicked. Helpless, friendless, and homeless, Jacob that child wandered about alone, to die at last in our great lake," and the tears stood in his eyes.

"You know best, you know best," Jacob faltered: "And, anyhow, she was my sister and I loved her and always shall," and with that he went his lonely way, still mourning the loss of one who had never been so dear as when he thought of her lying disgraced and disowned in her suicide's grave.

Gordon paid the physician and nurse lavishly, causing the latter to write several more "I wonders" in her diary, and after arranging to have Mignon's body transferred to a handsome lot at Oakwoods, he returned to his office, and looking out, as he so often did in these sorrowful days, upon the lake, he cried:

"Oh, my lake, my lake, although you have taken her from me, you gave a peaceful ending to her short, unhappy life. Ah, Mignon, my darling, my love could not have brought such an end as your career!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"But now I know there is no killing a thing like love, for it laughs at death."

Taken in cycles of time, six years is a short span, but when each day of that period has to be lived out with its many cares and few joys, it covers many occurrences and changes. To our friends in the great metropolis of the West these years had proven eventful.

Perhaps to none had they been fuller, and yet more empty, than to Gordon Wainwright. His success was such as to satisfy any man, and yet his face bore the impress of his great sorrow. When he was fully satisfied that his love was dead, the strong man collapsed, and for many weeks he lay at death's door, struggling with brain fever, but he recovered, to plunge more deeply into his work. Except to serve his friend, Gordon was not a society man, but his attendance upon Mrs. Thompson took him to many entertainments, and had he chosen, he might have had his choice, not only of the fair maidens of Chicago but other cities, for there was something in his bearing which attracted. However, he took no special interest in any, being simply pleasant to all. Had his friends known anything of his inner life, they would have discovered that to the poor, fallen ones of earth, he was particularly considerate. Poor fellow, he never saw a wretched creature that he did not imagine her a victim to some man's sin, and strive to better her condition. Because he felt certain that Mignon had been innocent in intent, so he imagined these others had been started upon their downward path without any real volition of their own, and who can say that he was not correct. These years had but added to his firm, dignified bearing, and traced nothing but lines of character upon his handsome face.

They had brought him one great, overwhelming sorrow though, for they had taken from him the man he loved with the strong, deep affection, almost of a son for a father. Four years after Gordon had felt that all he had in life was taken from him, Mr. Thompson died after a brief illness, and the faithful young friend knew that he was glad to end the struggle.

"I tell you, Gordon," he whispered, "life is a great mistake unless you have some affection in it. I have tried to be a just man; I have done what I could to help others; I have done all I could to make her happy (and by the way he spoke the pronoun, Gordon learned Barton's life secret, he loved his wife), but here I die with no one sorry except you, and I know that you will mourn."

"Mourn? Why Barton you are the only person on the face of the earth whom I care a jot for, who cares for me?"

A slight smile lingered upon the dying man's face, and he lay silent for a time. Well did he, Barton, know one who would give her heart's blood for him. At last the rich man continued:

"Open your heart to me, my boy. I am old enough to be your father. I know your honor and trustworthiness, but when Daphne is no longer a wife, is it not possible for you to learn to love her?" and there was a pleading entreaty in his voice.

Gordon fully understood his friend. Knowing his wife's nature so well, and loving her as he did, the unselfish husband wished to provide for her future happiness, but to the clean-lived young man the woman was almost repulsive.

"I could never love her nor any one else. My heart is buried with my lost darling; then, too, sorry as I am to say it, Mrs. Thompson does not attract me in any way."

"I'm sorry, boy, for her sake, but it is better, perhaps for you. She loves you, but I doubt if she would make any man happy. There, we will put that subject away from us. I have made you executor of my will; I want you to arrange matters, and be a friend to poor Daphne for my sake, will you?"

"You know I will."

The thin, shriveled hand sought the strong, virile one of the other, and the weak voice continued:

"Do not refuse the little I have left you, my boy. It is but a small return for your friendship and services, and in no way represents my affection for you." The next day he died, and when his will was opened it was found that the city he loved was the richer by several generous gifts; that his wife inherited a fortune amounting to more than ten millions, while to his beloved friend and confident, Gordon Wainwright, he left the sum of five hundred thousand dollars.

Society rolled a tender morsel under its tongue for a few days, and wondered when the handsome young man would marry the widow, and whether they would be willing to wait the customary year. One year went by, and then another, and the gossips found that Gordon Wainwright showed no inclination to marry his friend's widow. They did not know of the numerous unpleasant interviews he had with her when she had tried to force herself upon him, nor did they realize the thorough contempt he felt for a woman who could not be made to understand that her affection was not returned or appreciated. Still, for the sake of the good man he had loved so sincerely, he occasionally went to her entertainments, but took good care, now that his duties as executor were ended, not to have any private interviews with the impulsive widow.

Mrs. Thompson herself was but a trifle older; there were no lines on her face, although she now employed a professional masseur to keep down her increasing flesh, and her gorgeous hair attracted as much attention as ever. She was honored and courted and her picture was continually given in the papers on account of some social triumph or other. It might have been noticed that her name was never connected with any charitable concern, nor did she give privately. Even ten million might melt if thrown about.

It was on the fifth of October, 1903, that she gave a large theater party, which curiously included several of our old acquaintances. Gordon seldom if ever attended the theater, but on this night had been induced to go, partly because Mrs. Thompson had threatened to invade his quiet office overlooking the lake, where he wrote and studied, and acted as secretary without salary of several benevolent organizations. By going to the theater, he thought he might keep her away from his own domains. In addition to him was John T. Digby, no longer manager of a single department, but president of an arrogant trust, noted for its cruelty toward employes. Society giggled and whispered that the prosperous Digby, redder and grosser than ever, was casting longing eyes at the fair widow and her millions, now that he had divorced his faithful wife of twenty-seven, and was free. They had not yet grasped the fact that for the past three weeks he was coming nightly to the same theater selected by Mrs. Thompson as the field of her party. A new and famous actress, one whom it was said had scored wonderful triumphs in London, was making her first visit to Chicago.

There were several ladies, not known to us, and Freeman L. Chatterton, who made no pretense of the fact that he was throwing his heart into his pursuit of Mrs. Thompson. This party filled two of the lower boxes, and actually were in their places when the curtain lifted, although they kept on chatting and giggling, that is all but Gordon, who had settled back in the shadow as far as possible. Soon after the commencement of the play, without any prelude of soft music, the great actress came on the stage, and leaning carelessly over the chair of one of the actors, said in a low, wondrously sweet voice, which reached every portion of the house:

"May I not see, too?" and then it was that the audience knew that the star stood before them.

Round after round of applause greeted her, but without any recognition of it, she crossed the stage and went quietly on with her part. It had been said that her walk was a revelation of grace; that her voice was one of the finest the world had ever known, and that in the delicate shadings of character she was unsurpassed.

When that voice fell upon his ears, Gordon felt as though some great knife had been thrust into his heart. Once more he saw the bright sunlight gleaming in a young girl's hair, and a merry voice prattling gaily of the career which had ended in the little grave in Oakwoods, bearing the inscription:

"Mignon. Resting Peacefully."

As she walked across the stage John T. Digby, leaned forward regardless of the fact that the woman he had been courting for six months was present, and fairly gloated upon the actress. As the play progressed, the now reddened face of Chatterton, grew pale, and he frequently passed his hand over his dripping brow.

Gordon sat like one entranced. What was it about this actress which made every old memory of his love crowd his brain? She was taller than Mignon; her figure was exquisitely developed, while Mignon had been slender and girlish, and her hair piled upon her stately head was black as midnight with none of those wonderful lights and shadows in its meshes.

When the curtain fell, he drew a long breath, and then forcing himself to speak, asked Mrs. Thompson who the actress was, and where she had come from.

"That is what comes of secluding yourself from the world," said the widow merrily. "That is Hazel Tremont, the English actress the town has been going wild over these past three weeks. Pretty isn't she?"

"She's magnificent, marvelous, stunning," John T. Digby wheezed, regardless of what

ECONOMY FOUNTAIN PEN 10c SELLS AT SIGHT! Needs No Filling
ALWAYS IN WORKING ORDER. A DIP IN WATER AND IT IS READY FOR USE. ANY COLOR DESIRED.

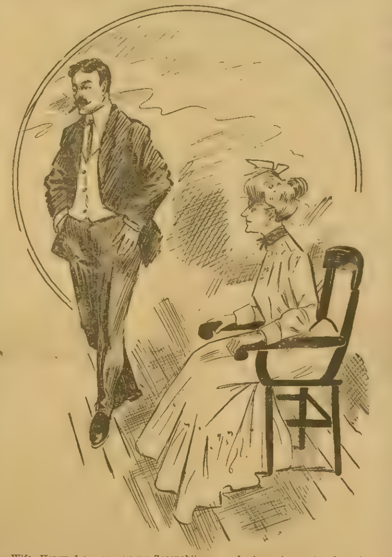
FAC-SIMILE OF ECONOMY FOUNTAIN PEN.

TO AGENTS:—Live, energetic agents will find this the greatest money maker on the market. Enormous profits; quick seller. Send 10c for sample prepaid and terms to agents.

ECONOMY FOUNTAIN PEN CO., 148 M-5 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A SURE SIGN.



Wife—Henry, I am sure young Spoonabit means business in coming here to see Maud.

Husband—Nonsense! What makes you think so?

Wife—He wears a new necktie every time he comes.

Husband—Do you think Maud cares anything for him?

Wife—I'm certain she does. Why, she hasn't eaten an onion this spring.

---

he might lose by such words of praise.

"Oh, I cannot agree with you entirely. You see these actresses all make up so fearfully that it is hard to tell. Probably she is old enough to be the mother of any of us," the widow returned crustily, and all but Digby were wise enough to say nothing more, but he continued:

"I never saw anyone to in any way approach her, except a girl I once had. By Jove, Wainwright," he said in a lower tone bending back and looking at Gordon, "but she resembles, in a kind of a remote way, that girl you were hunting for, by thunder she does."

Gordon's eyes flashed, and he looked more interested than he had in many a long day, as he returned in a very low tone:

"Come outside, I want to speak to you," and making their excuses, the two men went into the buffet, where Digby over a Martini, spluttered out what he knew about the actress, while Gordon, not drinking, leaned his elbow on the marble of the bar and listened to him.

All that Digby could tell was that he had seen her the first night, and had lost his head over her, until he was willing to marry her, even, for he was sure that no one who was not in earnest need apply. He told of the flowers and diamonds she had returned to him, and stated that, bribe as he might, it was impossible to gain admittance to her.

"Yes, sir," Digby concluded, tossing off another cocktail, "I would even marry her, by thunder I would!"

When they returned to the box, the beautiful actress was again on the stage, living her part, as it was said she always did. She was in evening dress, and as Gordon's eyes fell upon the white neck and arms, he started, and then raised his powerful opera glasses to make sure.

When a child of seven, Mignon had fallen from an apple tree and a jagged branch had torn her neck through the calico dress. This wound had been very serious, it was so deep, and left a scar close to the soft, dark hair. No one who had not known her well ever noticed it, but Gordon was a man who remembered trifles. Upon the neck of this so-called English actress was a scar exactly like the one he had often seen on that of the country child as she played about in her loose-necked calico dresses. Another had noticed it—the man who had won and wed a girl bearing just such a scar.

How well did the dissolute society man remember when he had noticed, and how she had told him its story! He had laughingly said, as he pressed his lips to the little soft mark:

"Well, well, my Rose, if I ever lose you, by this I shall know you."

Both men, the one who had bartered his soul to win Mignon, the other who had sacrificed his heart because he had lost her, gazed breathlessly at the actress. In the course of the play she was required by her part to face the occupants of these two boxes, and her eyes met squarely those of Gordon, who had laid his glasses aside. He held hers for a moment, then the great actress faltered, stammered, and then fell heavily to the floor, and the curtain went down upon her prostrate figure.

CHAPTER XVII.

"My love unclouded as the sun must be."

Three men tried hard to gain the address of the beautiful actress that same night, but only one succeeded then, and he because the manager was his personal friend, to whom he could confide, and it was the following morning before Gordon Wainwright stood in the parlor of one of the more quiet hotels, waiting for the result, for he had sent up his card bearing the words:

"If you would save a man's reason, let me speak to you for a moment."

After what seemed an endless wait, the bellboy returned and motioned him to follow. To the end of his life that bellboy will remember this particular day on account of the magnificent gratuity Gordon slipped in his hand, standing in front of the door which was between him and the solving of a mystery. To his quiet knock came an equally quiet "Come in," and yet the voice set his pulses to throbbing madly, and, opening the door, he found himself in the presence of the world-famed actress.

A tall figure stood by one of the windows, her back to the light, and her long, trailing black gown falling in billows about her. One glance was enough. There was but one woman with such a face.

"Mignon! Mignon!" he cried, and springing forward he would have caught her in his arms, but a soft hand upheld stopped him.

"Gordon, my dear friend," was all she said, but the voice brought tears to his eyes. Where was the light gaiety of eight years ago?

"Why, I have believed you dead for six dreary years," Gordon began brokenly, his loving eyes drinking in her features, so strange and yet so familiar.

"It was best," was the gentle answer. "An outcast is better dead than living. I have made the name I wear, and have kept it unstained. Mignon McKinzie is dead, and from her ashes has arisen Hazel Tremont."

"But why break our hearts?" Gordon cried, realizing that the dignified lady before him was in truth not the laughing, gay-hearted girl he had known and loved.

"Have I broken your heart, dear friend?" she asked sadly, holding out her hand, and clasping it in his own Gordon told her of his present life, hoping to win her confidence. As she listened, the tears gathered slowly in her eyes, now so much more expressive than in girlhood, for one of all the greatest tragedies lay in their depths.

In her turn Mignon related her own dreadful story, saying earnestly in conclusion:

"I did not mean to convey the impression I was going to destroy myself, but when I saw the accounts in the newspapers I was content. A rare piece of good fortune had come my way. An excellent actor and his wife, who had fallen upon evil times, advertised for an amateur. I saw that advertisement while I was trying to piece my broken life together. Calling upon them, I found deepest sympathy for my trouble, although I only told what I felt necessary, and admiration for what they believed my talents. I went to them, and they have treated me like their own child. All they knew and had was given freely, and I have proved that their trust was not in vain. Several times before they have wanted me to come to Chicago, but I have refused. This time I could not help it."

Gordon was stunned. He had imagined many things, but never that his darling had been so roughly used. At last he said gravely:

"But the clothing?"

"I sold it to an old-clothes man, wishing to part with everything that reminded me of that man."

"You have not told me the name of the man."

"No, nor will I. I can never forgive, but there is no malice in my heart. Then, too, I would not have you in your indignation do anything that would soil the noble record you have made. Yes, I know. Through the papers I have watched your progress, and I heartily congratulate you, and with all my heart wish you a long and happy life."

"There is only one thing that will make me happy, Mignon," he said, gravely, and she asked a little nervously

"What?"

"That is, to win you for my wife."

"Oh, dear friend, that can never be!" Mignon cried.

Gordon paled perceptibly.

"You are married, then?"

"No, no."

"You love some one else?"

"Indeed not."

"Then, Mignon, is it still your career which stands between us?" Gordon cried, holding out his arms appealingly.

"No, my friend, not my career, but my past," and the lovely head drooped, while through the dusky hair a stray sunbeam made its way, once more showing up the threads of gold.

"Why, darling, how can you?" the young man cried, joyously. "Is that all? Why, I would have taken you no matter what had happened, and now—why, you were guilty of nothing whatever.'

"Yes, but the fact remains, just the same, that I am a woman whose past life is a disgrace."

"Not to me," said Gordon sturdily.

"But to me," with gentle dignity. "Gordon, over eight years ago a careless, thoughtless girl tossed aside a true, honest love for a shadowy career. The career has been found, but to reach her present standard of acting she has had to pass through tribulations of all kinds; she was accused of crimes her young mind could not conceive: her father cast her off, and fell dead because of her supposed transgressions, cursing her; through her affections she was wounded to the very heart; like a thunderbolt came the knowledge that she who thought herself a wife was something unnamable; penniless she wandered out and sick and weary was lost in the snow to be nursed by charity. That very morning her heart had leaped with joy to think that a little one was coming to her, and yet that same heart could feel no sorrow, only thanksgiving that she was not to bring into the world a child to bear her shame, a few days later. Through all these trials she has come forth, able now to portray emotions, to weep with her heroines, to suffer with them, and to offer up her very heart that they may come out triumphant."

"Mignon, Mignon, this is awful!"

"Gordon," the voice was so sweet, low, and yet seemed to hold the sorrow of ages in its melting tones, "a stain has been put upon me which nothing will take away. Because of that great wrong, I must go my way through life alone."

"Mignon, my love does not consider it."

"But mine does. Yes, I will not deny it. These years have taught me whom it was I have always loved, but I cannot marry you."

"You shall marry me. Do you think that for any foolish scruples like these I will lose you again?"

"Gordon Wainwright, for eighteen months I lived with a man as his mistress, and by him I conceived a child which, if born, would have lived to curse my name. This will stand forever between us, as long as our earthly bodies encompass our spirits. Perhaps in the other world, when we leave the soiled flesh behind, we can love and be loved, but never here."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Love? How dare you profane that Divine word with your breath?"

Inspired by the enormous tip his companion had received, the other bellboy, transgressing all rules, took the next caller upon Miss Tremont, who had discovered her address by following Gordon, directly to her rooms, but was much disappointed when he compared his silver dollar with the twenty-dollar bill of the other boy.

"Gosh, his nibs is a grouch, he is!" he muttered angrily, and on account of the superior luck of his seatmate made that capitalist do as much of the work as he could possibly put upon him, although usually that silver dollar would have represented untold wealth.

Without pausing to knock, so desperate was he, the new visitor opened the door and found the actress sobbing desolately, with her head upon the table.

As the cause of all her sorrows stood before Mignon, with the bright sunlight now streaming in through the windows, the wear and tear of the six years showed up harshly. No amount of beard could cover the cruel, dissipated lines now, as the mustache had on that Fourth of July, eight years before. His eyes looked a little glassy, and his complexion indicated that he was a hard drinker. The proverbial "wine, women and cards" were working their worst upon him, and yet the old cordial, gracious manner remained, and his wealth was still great enough to make him welcome almost anywhere. His practice he had sold three years ago.

At last, with a deep gasp, Mignon raised her head and, drying her eyes, saw him. With a cry of repulsion she sprang to her feet and, reaching out her hand to keep him off, uttered bitterly one word:

"You!"

"Yes, I."

"What do you want here?"

The man's face worked convulsively. "My wife," he said.

A bright crimson stained Mignon's face as she cried, indignantly:

"Is this farce never to cease?"

"Listen a moment, Mignon; don't ring, for I have something to tell you."

"Be prompt, then."

"It is just this—you are mistaken, you are my wife."

There was no doubting the man's words, nor his misery, and Mignon, against her better judgment, her knowledge of what she believed the facts, was impressed, but she only asked

"How can that be?"

"My wife died the night before we were married," he said simply.

Mignon only stared at him, with eyes that seemed like live coals.

"Yes, let me tell you. No man ever treated a woman like I have you, but, thank God! I did not do you that wrong."

Mignon sank into a seat, feeling weak and weary, but the man continued, standing before her as a sinner before a judge

"I resolved to have you at the picnic. When I returned I induced my wife to go abroad, and got you into my office as soon as I could. You were so innocent I could make no progress, and then that awful October day when I exerted every power of fascination I possessed to win you, you left me. A demon entered into me then. Those cruel slanders against you were framed by me."

"And that letter home?"

"I sent it."

"My father's blood is on your hands. My poor, honest old father," Mignon sobbed, and the man could only bow his head.

"I watched by your boarding house for a week, all night long, waiting for the woman to throw you out, and that night you spent wandering about in the depot I was with you, ready to guard you with my life."

"But not against yourself, not against yourself," Mignon said bitterly.

"No, not against myself. But I resolved during that night to commit a crime in order to gain you. I decided to marry you, but I knew in doing it I would commit bigamy.

"As I left the door to join you in the carriage, a telegram was thrust into my hands and I signed for it, but in my confusion I did not stop to read it. The next morning in Milwaukee I did, and then I found that fate had spared you, for you were my legal wife, and honestly, Mignon, I never was so glad about anything in my life. I had to go back to Chicago and make all arrangements for the funeral, and the papers were full of all the details. I dreaded to come back for fear you had seen some of the accounts. Mignon, I did try to make you happy, and my brain was busy day and night trying to place you in your proper position before the world, and yet, to do it so as to keep the truth from you that I had planned your ruin. Oh, if you remember anything of that evening after we were married, you can imagine my remorse and agony, and I tried hard to leave you then and there!"

Mignon looked earnestly at the man. She knew he was speaking the truth, and it did not require the marriage certificate which he handed her, or the papers relative to his first wife's death, to convince her. Yet, as she looked at him, she wondered at her girlish love for him. Her trained eyes could see beneath and recognize the gross, sensual nature.

"Now I have told you everything. You can do just as you wish—have me confide our misery to the world, or we can be re-married. Which do you prefer?"

The pure, delicately-organized woman looked at him in astonishment. Was it possible that he had no comprehension of what his lust had cost her? Was recognition as his wife compensation for her agony worse than the most wretched death?

"You forgive me, don't you, darling?" Chatterton cried, advancing a step or two, actually feeling that he had made an honorable offer, and one which would make up for all the wretched past.

"No, Freeman Chatterton, I will not forgive," Mignon said slowly, and he started in wonderment. "It makes no difference with regard to the heinousness of your sin toward me that a sad incident legalized our marriage. The shame is taken off me, but through no agency of yours. As far as you and I are concerned, you degraded the girl who confided herself to your care and love, and no power under Heaven will make me return to you. My way in life is laid out for me; you are treading yours with unsteady footsteps. From now on we are utter strangers, and if you ever dare to intrude yourself upon me, I will appeal to the law to protect me," and she pointed her hand toward the door, and with bowed head and shambling footsteps, the man who had once controlled her destiny passed forever from Mignon's sight.

In next week's issue of the Ledger the conclusion of this captivating story will be offered the reader. Each subscription to the Ledger calls for a free camera or patterns as the subscriber may choose. See our announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

A Leap Year Maid.

"Uncle John," queried the pretty girl who was seeking information, "would I be justified in writing to a young man who has never written to me?"

"Only on very important business, my dear," answered the old man.

"Well, this is important business," she explained. "I want him to marry me."

MARCHING THROUGH DIXIE

OR

JEM BURLSON'S ADVENTURES IN THE ARMY.

A STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR. - By J. M. MERRILL, - AUTHOR OF "HIS MOTHER'S LETTER," ETC., ETC.

[Copyright, 1904, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG REBEL.

"Don't you dare touch me with that whip, Mr. Burlson. I won't stand it."

The speaker was a lad of sixteen, whose freckled face was flushed, his clothing awry and mud-stained.

Confronting him was a brawny, dark-browed man of fifty, whose coarse features and glinting, piggish eyes indicated a nature unrefined and boorish to the last degree. The man, evidently a farmer, held a horsewhip clutched tightly in his right hand. His face was contorted with passion, while his small, piggish eyes snapped like parched corn on a griddle.

"Eh! you dare me ter strike yeh, Jem Burlson, you who hev been licked a hundred times 'thout resentin' it? Godfrey; but you've got cheek!"

"I am no longer a child, Mr. Burlson. I'm big enough now to get along in this world without a thrashing at every little thing; what's more, I won't stand it, either."

The boy drew himself up proudly as he spoke. This was his first open rebellion against his exacting stepfather, and it was a surprise to that worthy.

"That's right, my boy; you hain't a child no longer," began the angry farmer; "that's why you orter know enough ter behave yerself 'thout havin' to be reprimanded and castigated. I'm goin' ter lick ye now because ye are so big."

Again Simon Burlson took a forward step. To his surprise his stepson did not attempt to flee; instead, he stood with arms folded across his breast, his cheeks pale now where the flush had been, his lips firmly compressed, his gray eyes flashing indignation and defiance.

"Uh, so yer goin' to stand yer ground?"

"I have run from you for the last time, Mr. Burlson."

"Hity-tity!"

Again the farmer advanced and raised his whip. White, yet unmoved, stood the boy. His eyes cast a look beyond the irate man toward the distant town. He had fully determined upon his future, and nothing this man he called "father" could do would influence him hereafter.

"Strike me if you dare!" uttered the boy huskily.

"What's that? You dare me, yer father, ter tech ye? Take that, you disrespectful young scamp!"

The whip described a half-circle and cut the dust from the boy's jacket. Twice, thrice fell the pliant lash about the lad's shoulders, then there came a pause. The blows had been heavy, yet Jem refused to wince. The farmer dropped his hand, and bent a stern gaze on the face of his son.

"Now, if you'll beg my pardon, I'll let you off this time, Jem," said Farmer Burlson grimly, seeming to think that the castigation he had administered was not sufficient for the lad's transgressions.

The man knew, despite the grossness of his nature, that there are inflictions harder to endure than corporal hurts. A wounded spirit can suffer more keenly than a beaten body.

Jem's spirit was wounded even now, and the stepfather was cruel enough to wish to inflict still deeper wounds.

"Wal, begin ef you're a-goin' to," snarled Burlson when the boy made no reply.

"I'm not going to beg your pardon, and I tell you again I'll never take another whipping from you," said Jem, his voice trembling with emotion. He turned and would have escaped through the open barn door had not the man sprung forward and seized him.

"You young impudence!" hissed Burlson. "I'll thrash you within an inch of your life for this!"

And then he plied the whip furiously, madly, having lost all self-control. Satisfying his brutal wrath at length, Farmer Burlson flung the boy from him and strode into the gathering shadows of night.

Smarting from the lashing he had received, Jem lay on the straw in the corner by the big bay and sobbed and moaned for a long time. But the reader must not infer from this that the lad's spirit was broken, since such was not the case.

A light step aroused the lad at length. He sat up and saw a slender figure outlined in the doorway. He knew at once who it was, and ceased his sobs as if by magic.

"Jem, Jem, are you in here?"

The voice calling was sweet and low, the voice of a child. Jem made no reply. His sister Violet might call, he thought, but he would not make reply. She was Simon Burlson's daughter, and just now Jem was in a mood necessitating hard feelings toward all of the Burlson brood.

"Jem, I say, where are you?" called the little girl, venturing inside the barn at length. "Papa said he saw you out here. I heard him tell mamma that he'd punished you for being ugly. I want to see you, Jem, and tell you how sorry I am that you have to be whipped so much."

The little girl's last words cut to the quick. They came near bringing a reply from the angry boy in the corner.

He suppressed his feelings with an effort, however. Violet was the only friend aside from his mother he had on the farm. The latter had been so long subservient to her lord and master, however, that her protests when that master's heavy hand fell on her son became few and far between.

Smothering his murmurs of pain, Jem crouched silently in his corner, and Violet, after a brief search, quitted the barn leaving him undiscovered.

Going to the farther end of the bay, the boy pulled a bundle, tied with a stout cord, from under the hay. Carrying this in his left hand he picked up a slender stake with his right and marched into the open air.

The breath of a summer night fanned his cheek and the heavy breathing of the kine near at hand had a somewhat soothing effect on the boy's lacerated nerves.

"Poor old Polly," said he, patting one of the lazy cows on the back. "You and I part company for good and all tonight. Captain Starbot said I might come at any time, and that moment has arrived. I'd have liked to speak with mother, but I daren't risk it. I'll never set foot under the old farm roof again while Simon Burlson is there."

Thus soliloquizing, Jem made his way to the road. He stood irresolutely here for some minutes. Night had fallen and the heavens were gemmed with myriads of bright stars. Far down to the left, under the bluff, ran the river, its silent waters peacefully flowing beneath the bending willows that lined its shores.

Many times had Jem joined his school companions in bathing in the shallows, or fishing from beneath the shade of the willows. Such memories were pleasant, yet sorrowful. Tonight he was to part with the old scenes perhaps forever.

He had nothing to lament or to regret, since his stepfather had never been kind to him since the day of his crossing the threshold of the old farmhouse.

Jem turned from contemplating familiar scenes and walked slowly down the road. Presently he halted in front of the old red farmhouse and gazed longingly at the windows from which the lights flashed, cutting red gashes in the outer darkness.

He heard the heavy voice of his stepfather reprimanding Violet, telling her to go to bed at once. The little girl pleaded for a short respite, saying:

"I want to see Jem first, papa."

"Ye jest shet up about ther boy," the farmer growled harshly. "I gin him a sound thrashin' fur bein' imperdent. He's out som'ere sulkin'; thinks it'll make folks mad ef he sulks that a-way. Let him sleep with ther pigs and hens ef he wants to. I'll make him mind or break his neck. There, now, no whimperin'; go to bed this instant, d'ye hear me?"

Violet went to her room sobbing. Jem could hear it all, since the farmhouse doors were all open. He felt resentful for Violet's sake as well as his own. The surly, money-greedy man who ruled at Willow Farm had very little of the milk of human kindness in his breast. He, however, never punished violet as he did Jem. The latter seemed the especial target of all the abuse stored up in the man's nature.

He was in a measure kind to Mrs. Burlson; had he not been, Jem would have rebelled long ere this. For his mother the boy had a wealth of affection second to no other lad in the wide world for his parent, and Jem would have fought for her protection far more quickly than for his own rights.

"Good-by, old home, good-by," murmured Jim, tears starting to his eyes. He brushed them aside with a rough sleeve and hurried away, not looking back again lest the determination in his heart should slacken and mayhap fail him altogether.

"It's hard to leave mother and Violet," he thought, "but I cannot stand this way any longer. Burlson treats me like a dog. It's not the work I mind, although that is hard enough, Heaven knows!"

Jem trudged on, gaining courage as he walked.

It was two miles to the little city of Wenago. He knew every foot of the ground, having marketed wagon loads of farm crops without the privilege of enjoying a single penny of the proceeds. He did not penetrate to the business portion of the town. Instead, he followed the back streets, climbed a hill and saw, near at hand, the gleam of many fires.

When near a blazing heap of logs the boy halted. On the far side of the fire paced a man carrying a gun. A fence ten feet high, constructed of pine plank driven into the ground, extended on either hand farther than the eye could reach in the darkness.

Jem advanced somewhat timidly. The instant the man with the gun saw a boy approaching he dropped his weapon to a level and cried out sharply:

"Halt!"

Jem stopped quickly. The leveled gun sent a thrill over his person. Had he counted without his host? Would the sentry refuse his entrance?

CHAPTER II.

JEM CAPTURES A DESERTER.

"I want to come inside," said Jem quickly.

"Have you the countersign?"

"No."

"Then you can't come in. Go off about your business," ordered the man with the gun, who was one of the volunteers, as yet without a uniform.

"I can't go back," protested Jem. "I want to join the regiment."

"You'll have to wait till the officer of the guard comes; I cannot admit you. Why didn't you come in the daytime?"

"Because," said Jem, "I couldn't. Isn't Captain Starbot inside the fence?"

"Yes, he is. What of it?"

"If I could see him he would let me in; the Captain is my friend," declared Jem with a feeling of pride at thought of his being acquainted with a person of such high position.

"You'll have to wait a spell, anyhow," declared the sentry.

Somewhat disappointed, the lad walked away. He knew very little about military discipline. He had seen the recruits coming into town, had met officers in gay uniforms on the streets of Wenago, and had heard the military bands play, all of which thrilled him and led him to long to be a soldier and fight for his country.

Captain Starbot had agreed to enlist the boy whenever he should obtain the consent of his parents. Of course Jem knew that it would be impossible to obtain his stepfather's consent, since that tyrant considered the lad too serviceable on the farm, where Jem had been compelled to do the work of a man for the past two years.

Today the boy had resolved to enter the service without asking the consent of either parent. He believed, when the Captain and Colonel should hear his story they would permit him to join the ranks, young though he was. In any event, Jem had decided that he would not return to the farm.

The boy walked along near the high stockade until he came to another opening which was guarded by a sentry like the first. He was refused entrance here, as before, by the first sentry.

"It doesn't matter," muttered Jem. "I'm going inside in some way, guard or no guard."

He walked back into the shadows and was pursuing his course toward the first campfire when he heard a noise almost directly over his head.

On the top of the stockade was a dark object—a man.

Jem sprang backward none too soon. Thud! and the fellow who had scaled the fence landed at his side.

"Eh! Who be you?"

A pair of strong hands clutched the shoulders of Jem and turned him sharply about.

"What are you doing here, youngster?" cried a voice hoarse with suspicion and alarm.

"Nothing," answered Jem, mechanically.

"Well, you hadn't better do anything," hissed the other threateningly. "I don't see what you're sneaking along under the fence for, anyhow. You'd better git out."

The speaker was a youth of perhaps nineteen, with hulking figure, long arms and slender, bowing legs. Jem remembered him now as a worthless fellow who had once worked a short time for his stepfather, but whose shirking, shiftless ways soon procured his dismissal.

"I want to get in," said Jem."

"What! Inside the lines?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"I expect to join the army."

"Pooh! Wal, now, you're a fool if you do," jeered the awkward soldier. "Say, I thought 'twould be nice to be a soldier, and carry a gun, and wear a bright uniform, but, blame my skin, I've got bravely over it."

"Where are you going now?" asked Jem suspiciously.

"Do you see them woods over yon, boy?"

"Yes," assented Jem.

"Wal, when I once git into them I'm safe. They connect with the big cedar swamp north of town. Once I get there nobody on earth kin find a feller, see?"

The truth burst with sudden force on the brain of Jem Burlson. The raw recruit was deserting. Now, Jem was a patriotic boy, and the very name of deserter carried with it a sense of shame. Furthermore, he felt that he had a duty to perform under the present circumstances.

The lad glanced up and down the high stockade. He saw a campfire gleaming not far away, before which was visible the tall form of a pacing sentry. The deserting recruit noticed the turn affairs had taken. Turning fiercely upon Jem he hissed hotly:

"Don't you dare make any outcry. I'm going to give the regiment the slip, and you just keep mum, will ye?"

"Certainly not!" cried Jem. "You go straight back to camp or I'll scream for help and have you stopped."

"You darsen't do it, bub."

"Yes, I dare," avowed Jem, his spirits rising with the occasion. "You go back if you wish to avoid trouble. Don't you know that it is disgraceful to desert, Eph Belton?"

"What! do you know me?" cried the recruit, turning his face fiercely upon Jem, taking him by the shoulders and peering down into his face with a searching gaze. "Good landy, it's that Burlson boy, as I live!"

"Now you know who I am I hope you'll go back," said Jem. "They'll very likely let you in, and maybe I can pass inside with you. Come, let us go to the fire over yonder."

"Not much," retorted the hulking fellow. "You jest keep mum and it'll be all right. I'm off like a rocket."

"And I am on like a hornet!" cried Jem, springing upon the back of the deserter as he turned to flee. Eph Belton struggled vainly to throw off the stout young farmer. He ran a short distance until the dangling feet of his captor became tangled with his lean legs and down both fell in a squirming heap.

"Help! Help!" screamed Jem, at the top of his voice.

"I'll strangle you for that!" cried the burly recruit, turning his captor and crushing him down between two hillocks. Jem found himself at a disadvantage now. However, he kicked and shouted lustily.

Several men came hurrying to the scene from the direction of the town.

Boy and recruit were pulled apart and an explanation demanded. Belton's military cap gave him away. Jem quickly explained the situation, which left the recruit in a serious position, since the men who had come so opportunely on the scene were officers of the regiment returning from a visit in the town.

Finding himself caught, Belton burst into a laugh, saying:

"I was jest a-guying the young greeny. Yeh see, I wanted to do as lots of the boys have did before—go down-town and have a good time. No killin' matter in that, is there?"

"It was contrary to the regulations, however," said one of the officers. "You will consider yourself under arrest, young man."

Belton seemed very meek now, offering no resistance.

"Please, sir," said Jem, "I should like to go inside the fence, too."

"You, my lad?" said one of the officers. "Whom do you wish to see?"

"The Colonel, or Captain Starbot. I want to enlist."

"Very well. We need a few more recruits, and perhaps the Colonel will take you, although you must be rather young."

"I'll be sixteen my next birthday," said Jem proudly.

"Very good; come along with us."

The little party walked forward and had no difficulty in passing the sentry. Campfires gleamed here and there inside the inclosure. The ground, packed firm by myriads of feet, was as level and hard as a floor.

At the right of the entrance were the officers' quarters. To the left and rear the barracks of the common soldiers were built. There was an extensive parade ground, numerous tents and small buildings near the stockade, the utility of which Jem could only surmise.

"You say you know Captain Starbot?" said the man who had done most of the talking. "I think we shall find him at his quarters at this hour."

The officer conducted the boy to a wooden building about the door of which were grouped several men in military dress. One of these saluted as the officer approached, and, in reply to a question, said that Captain Starbot was inside.

"Another victim," chuckled a voice as Jem strode sturdily on behind his official guide.

"Half the army is composed of young boys," said another. "It isn't right in my way of thinking. It's bad enough for grown men."

Jem heard but was not discouraged. He was leaving a disagreeable home behind; nothing in the army could be half so bad.

They entered a side room where were two officers, one sitting on the side of a narrow bed, sewing up a slit in his sleeve. At sight of Jem he dropped his work and stared.

"What in the world are you doing here, Jem Burlson?" uttered the Captain. "Does your mother know you're out?"

"I expect she does," answered the boy, smiling in spite of himself at the look of surprise on the face of the officer. Captain John Starbot was a lawyer and a man of prominence in Wenago. He had been to the State Legislature, was for a long time judge of the Probate Court for the county, and had held other positions of honor. He was forty-five, bearded and gray, yet sound in body and limb, and an ardent patriot. He knew of the unpleasant home where Jem lived, and was a friend of Mrs. Burlson.

"I think she does," said Jem, in reply to the Captain's query.

"And your father——"

"I have no father, as you know, Mr. Starbot. I have decided to go for myself hereafter, and would join your company if you will let me."

$42.50 SEWING MACHINE FREE
How a Full Size, High-Grade Sewing Machine similar to the Machine illustrated here may be obtained without cost, and our reasons for giving it away for disposing of less [illegible] any other firm are fully explained in our Sewing Machine Circular, which we will send to every person that will SELL ONLY 12 BOXES OF OUR CELEBRATED REMEDIES at 25 cents per box. Don't throw your money away but take [illegible] Send no money, order to-day and we will promptly [illegible] full size, high grade Sewing Machine exactly as [illegible] Remember, we offer $1000 in Gold to any person that can prove that we do not do exactly as we say. Address, AMERICAN DRUG CO. Dept. 501 New Haven, Conn.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Captain Starbot looked grave.

"Look me squarely in the eye, Jem, and tell me that you haven't run away, then I'll consider your proposition," said the Captain.

"Ah, but that I can't do," faltered the boy with a sinking heart.

CHAPTER III.

JEM AND HIS MOTHER.

Jem saw his hopes take wing as he looked into the stern yet kindly face of Captain Starbot. The man was lawyer enough to know that it would not be legal to take this lad into the military service of the United States without the consent of his parents.

"You are a runaway, Jem," said the officer gravely. "You cannot join us, however much I should like a lad of your age to be my companion. Go home and wait."

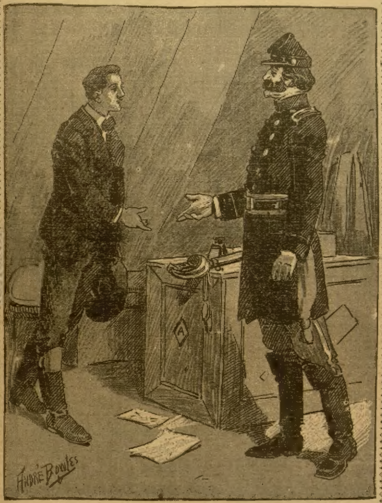
"Wait for what?" asked Jem, with quivering lip.

"Wait until you are of age—eighteen—unless your father consents to part with you."

"You know, sir, that my father is dead——"

"I understand what you would say, my boy, but Mr. Burlson is your father for the time being; and there is your mother."

"Yes, there is mother!" exclaimed Jem, catching his breath. "Captain, will you take me if I get her consent? You know all about the facts—how stingy and mean my stepfather is. He would rather this nation should be destroyed than lose a penny, or sacrifice an hour's time in aiding her cause. It oughtn't to be necessary to ask the consent of a man like that."



"Does your mother know you're out?"

"By my faith, but you are right!" exclaimed the boy's listener with glistening eyes. "If the gentle mother says you may go we'll see, Jem."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Starbot," cried Jem, with sudden hope. "Tell the guard to let me in when I return; I won't be long gone."

As the lad was turning away the Captain halted him.

"Now, don't get in a rush, Jem," he said good humoredly. "The regiment will remain here a fortnight yet. Our uniforms came today, and most of the horses are here, but there'll be drilling and other work for a spell before we leave Michigan for the South."

"I will not stop another night at Willow Farm," declared Jem earnestly. He then explained the situation as the reader knows it. The Captain was an attentive and sympathetic listener.

"You certainly have had a hard time of it, my boy," said the Captain, when Jem had concluded. "I'll do all I can for you. Colonel Wentwood is my friend, and I think it can be managed."

When Jem quitted camp he bore a lighter heart in his bosom than had beat there in many a day. He lost no time in returning home. His desire was to see his mother without letting his stepfather know of his presence.

He was fortunate enough to see her sitting on the veranda alone.

Approaching cautiously, Jem asked:

"Mother, is he about anywhere?"

"Oh, is that you, Jem?" asked the mother with a start. "Come to me at once. I am so glad you have reconsidered your determination. Simon said he guessed you'd run away."

"Where is he, mother?"

"Gone to Wenago to look for you, Jem."

"To look for me?" uttered the boy. "Well, he'll not find me, that's one sure thing. Did he tell you what he had done?"

Jem approached and sat down on the edge of the veranda floor at his mother's feet. She smoothed his thick chestnut hair with a tender touch. How soothing and delightful it was! But this could not last. Jem loved his mother, but felt that even that love could no longer withstand the brutal treatment of his stepfather.

"He said that he punished you for disobeying him about some work he had given you to do, Jem. I hope he wasn't severe with you."

"Come in to the light, mother, and I'll show you."

Jem sprang upon the veranda and entered the open door. A lamp burned on the sitting-room table. Jem stripped his jacket and opened his shirt, exposing his shoulders and a portion of his back.

Great welts were visible, while there were blood stains on his shirt and white skin.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Burlson; "this is dreadful. Did your father do this, Jem?" The mother's voice quivered perceptibly.

"Not my father, but Simon Burlson," said Jem quickly. "He has no love for me. I obeyed him to the best of my ability, but he was not satisfied, and he flogged me. He hates me because I am a free-born American, while he is English. I told him that was the last licking I'd take from him, and it is."

The woman started and trembled at the hot words of her son. How could she blame him? And yet she dared not rise up in defense of her child as against the man she called husband.

"I will talk with Simon," she ventured at length, after Jem had resumed his clothes."

"No use, mother. I have submitted to the tyrant as long as I will. I am going away."

"No, no, Jem, don't say that!"

"Yes, I am. I had not thought of coming home again after that time with Sime Burlson in the barn, but I had to because I must have your written consent for me to join the army."

"No, no, Jem, you must not join the army," protested the mother, in tremulous tones, tears glistening in her eyes. Mrs. Burlson was a slender, delicate woman, with traces of beauty still visible in both form and feature, although the look of subdued melancholy ever in her eyes detracted from her otherwise fine appearance.

Jem knew why that look was in his mother's eyes, and the knowledge served to deepen and intensify his dislike of his close-fisted stepfather.

"I can do no better, mother," protested the boy. "Our country needs men; the old flag is in danger and I feel that I ought to go. At any rate, I cannot stay here to be kicked and cuffed about by that man. I don't see why you ever married him."

"Hush, my boy!" gasped the mother. "Such talk is wicked."

"But, mother, how can I help it? You know that he always treated me as though I were a dog. I should think you would be glad of this chance for me, where I can have a show of doing something in the world."

The talk between mother and son lasted nearly an hour. In the end Jem triumphed. The boy brought writing materials from his own room and placed them before his mother.

She sat up to the table and wrote, as he desired, her full and free consent for her boy to enter the army of the Union.

A tear plashed on the paper at the last. She dropped the pen, rose quickly to her feet and clasped her boy to her heart while sobs convulsed her frame.

"An hour ago I would not have thought it possible that I could part with you, my son," she said; "but now I see that it is better so. Be a good boy, Jem, and do not forget your home."

"I sha'n't forget you, mother," said the boy, himself ready to cry. He stepped to the door and gazed up at the star-lit heavens. "Up there my own dear father lives somewhere. Who knows but he may see and understand all that is passing here on earth? If he does I know he will approve my course."

A strange look overspread the face of Mrs. Burlson as she heard the words of her boy. She turned away, retreating to her own bedchamber. When she returned she held in her hand a small clasp Bible. This she pressed into the palm of her son, saying:

"Take this, Jem, and read it when you are lonely and far from home; it will do you good."

"Yes, mother, that I will."

"And do not forget to write often, Jem."

"I'll not forget; but one thing, mother."

"Yes, Jem."

SHAWHAN WHISKEY
IT KEEPS ON TASTING GOOD

SHAWHAN WHISKEY
"It Keeps On Tasting Good"
WHY?
BECAUSE a million satisfied customers say so.
BECAUSE it is distilled in the only real distillery selling its products direct to you.
BECAUSE the same distillery formula is used as was used 120 years ago, and has been handed down through four generations.
BECAUSE George H. Shawhan, is the only old-time distiller maintaining old-time methods.
BECAUSE you get it pure and straight from our United States bonded distillery warehouse.
BECAUSE we guarantee it to be the best and purest Whiskey in the world.
SEND US $3.20 FOR FOUR FULL QUARTS
of either of our 10-Year Old Shawhan Bourbon or Pure Shawhan Rye, or
SEND US $3.50 FOR FOUR FULL QUARTS
of 14-Year Old Shawhan Lone Jack Rye or Bourbon
U. S. Reg. Dist. No. 8
Weston, Mo.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
FREE with order, we give a Corkscrew, Whiskey Glass and bottle of our Pure Peach Brandy of our own distilling FREE
"We Distill all We Sell and Sell all We Distill"
THE SHAWHAN DISTILLERY CO.
General Offices, Dept. 525, Kansas City, Mo.
Write us for History of 120 Years' Distilling and Facts on Straight and Crooked Whiskey.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3.75 THIS 20 Year GUARANTEED WATCH for $3.75
A bona-fide offer by America's greatest mail order watch house, the old established and reliable R. E. Chalmers & Co. The editor of this paper will tell you that we are thoroughly reliable.
LADIES OR GENTS SIZE
The best, handsomest and most perfect genuine American 14 karat gold plated watch ever offered for sale at any price. Double hunting case, rich solid gold pattern of engraving, assorted designs. Fitted with the very best seven jeweled American movement on the market, stem wind and stem set, accurate to the second and absolutely guaranteed for 20 YEARS. Beautiful 50 inch lorgnette chain free with Ladies' size watch and handsome double breasted vest chain and charm free with Gent's size watch. Positively the greatest bargain on the face of the Earth.
SEEING IS BELIEVING. Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post-office and express office address and we will send the watch and chain complete to your express office for examination. You examine them at your express office and if as represented pay express agent our bargain sale price $3.75 and express charges and they are yours. Be sure to mention in your letter when ordering whether you want a Ladies' Watch or a Gentleman's Watch, we have it in both sizes, and order to-day as this advertisement will positively not appear again. Address:
R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.
10,000 Testimonials Received. This is one of them.
I am well pleased with the watch you sent me some time ago. I would not take $20.00 for it if I could not get another like it.
JNO. J. TYSON,
Sun, Washington Parish, La.
March 8, 1904.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Wonderful Music Offer
Hiawatha, The Holy City, and 50 other new songs and two pieces of music FREE to each person who answers this advertisement. We are making this most liberal offer to introduce WOMAN'S WORLD, a large, finely illustrated magazine which has already a circulation of 800,000 copies each issue.
WOMAN'S WORLD is edited by able writers who have followed their profession for many years. It contains a lot of interesting reading matter and numerous departments such as are found only in an up-to-date and high-class paper. To introduce our magazine into thousands of homes quickly, we will send it five months on trial for only 10 cents and we will send you free and postpaid 52 new songs and two pieces of music as above stated. Send 25 cents and we will send WOMAN'S WORLD one year and the songs and music mentioned above, also our Mammoth collection of 100 songs, words and music. This is positively the biggest offer ever made by any publisher. We are one of the largest publishing concerns in Chicago, in business over 20 years. If you want a good paper at a low price and a lot of choice music send for either of the above offers. You will be delighted. Address WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. M6 CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

To Ledger Readers.

Thousands of persons seeing The CHICAGO LEDGER are anxious to receive it regularly and we are making a very liberal offer. The annual subscription to the Weekly CHICAGO LEDGER is $1.00, and everyone who sends in $1.00 within the next 30 days for a year's subscription will receive FREE a KING CAMERA with Complete Outfit for developing and printing pictures, including Silver Paper, Trays, Plates and all necessary Chemicals. We send the CAMERA FREE and prepay charges on it.

Remember you get The LEDGER for a year for $1.00. This is 52 weeks. THE CAMERA IS FREE. This is a magnificent offer, allowing you to get all the fine Continued Stories. The offer is good for 30 days from date of this paper.

The CHICAGO LEDGER is distinctly in the line of Progress. As a purveyor of Romance and Entertaining Literature it has no superior. No other American Story Paper illustrates its matter so profusely or with such care; no other periodical devoted to fiction and humor goes to the expense of using color work generally in its pages, as is done in THE LEDGER. Improvement is manifest in the quality of the stories published, and this improvement will continue. The new form of the LEDGER, sixteen pages instead of eight, makes it convenient to preserve the fascinating novels which appear in its pages, both for yourself and your friends. By sending us $1.00 you get the LEDGER for one year and the KING CAMERA, which is a first-class CAMERA IN ALL RESPECTS. It takes pictures 2 inches by 2 inches in size and is complete and ready for use. Embrace this splendid opportunity at once while the offer is open. Address,

CHICAGO LEDGER, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO

"Say nothing of this to him—to Simon."

"He will have to know it, I suppose."

"If he does he will try to get me back, and there'll be trouble. I couldn't stay here after this, anyway; I should stay away, even if I did not enter the army. Let him think I have run away if you can without telling an untruth, mother."

"I will say nothing for the present," she returned, and with this the lad had to be satisfied. He stood on the front veranda looking up at the stars, thinking of the father he had never seen. He was sure that father was in no sense like Simon Burlson. Had his father lived, how much of trouble and sorrow would have been spared him and his mother!

The boy knew that his mother was not happy. How could she be with the companionship of a coarse nature like that of Burlson?

Jem thought of Violet. He loved her, sweet slip of a girl that she was, possessing the mother's beauty and kindly heart, with scarcely a noticeable resemblance to her coarse, money-loving father.

"I can't go without one look at little sister," he vowed.

Jem entered the bedroom where Violet lay in sound sleep, her golden hair flung in a great yellow cloud over one pearl-white arm, which was exposed to view through the nervous tossing of the child during sleep.

Mrs. Burlson held the lamp while Jem bent down and kissed the flushed cheek of the little sleeper. She started, opened her eyes and uttered a little scream, flinging her arms about her brother's neck.

"Brother, how glad I am! I knew you'd come," cried Violet. "Where were you when I called?"

Jem made no reply, but quickly disengaged her arms from about his neck and stood up, listening.

There came the sound of wheels in the yard without.

Both mother and son heard and knew what it meant. Jem hastily kissed Violet again, then turned away.

"Come back, Jem," called the child, but the boy heeded not the cry. He knew that Simon Burlson had returned and would soon enter the house. Anxious to avoid meeting him, Jem turned to the back part of the farmhouse.

Passing through the kitchen the boy opened the outside door which overlooked a broad rear porch.

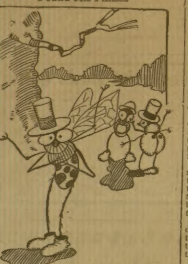
"Nobody here," thought Jem. "I shall escape without trouble."

He glided across the porch and found himself face to face with a man who was just ascending the steps.

"Hello, you young rascal! So it's here you are, eh?" A hand seized the lad by the shoulder and shook him roughly.

In the Ledger issue of next week will be found a continuation of this extremely interesting story of youthful perils and adventures in the camp and upon the battlefield. It will prove both profitable and exciting for readers to follow the characters of this capital story to its dramatic close. Each patron who becomes a subscriber is entitled to receive our cameras or patterns free as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Found His Finish.



First Bug—What's the matter with Mr. horsefly?

Second Bug—There were no horses handy, so he tackled an auto and got full of gasoline.

Historic Tree Near Baltimore.

A gigantic chestnut tree, with a girth of about twenty-five feet, and under whose branches in 1777 Washington and Lafayette held a council of war and ate their meals while camping on the place where the American army was marching from Baltimore to Philadelphia, is one of the many objects of interest shown to visitors on the McCormick farm, near Baltimore. This is not a tradition, but a well-authenticated fact, as is abundantly attested by the archives of the McCormick family.

The first owner of the old manor was George Councilman, who obtained possession of the farm through a grant from Lord Baltimore. The grant is in possession of Mr. McCormick, who prizes it as a precious heirloom. Mr. McCormick became a member of the Councilman family by marriage with Miss Martha Councilman, daughter of George Councilman, who recently died at the advanced aged of 96 years. The grant is beautifully engrossed on parchment and is well preserved and perfectly legible. The place was named Mark Alexander's Range, in honor of Mark Alexander, Lord Baltimore's agent at that time. It is situated on the old Blue Ball road, a short distance east of Pokorny's Four Mile House, on the Belair road.

JACK.

BY MARION FRANCES COE.

Jack was in the army. He had no commission and no enlistment papers, like some other famous regimental mascots, but no one who ever saw his loving submission to the sorriest "bluecoat" could doubt his loyalty.

From the day he crawled into the company quarters, a half-starved and frightened puppy, he belonged, with all his faithful little heart, to the "Fighting Ninth."

No one invited him to remain, no one drove him away, and there were always scraps to spare in the mess hall at meal time. So Jack stayed and soon found, in his own way, a warm place in the hearts of the soldiers to whom any diversion was a welcome break in the monotony of garrison life.

Were it a dark and stormy night, Jack could entertain the roomful. He would fetch and carry, balance a hardtack on his nose, hunt a cartridge, walk on his hind legs, and do any number of tricks from retreat until tattoo. Was a coat to be watched while the soldier worked? It could not have been safer on its owner's back. Once he saved Corporal Epps from a reprimand by racing back to the quarters and bringing a glove which had been dropped when the guard started for the parade.

And now the Ninth had marching orders. In a few hours the men would be filing eagerly into the trains that were to take them far away.

All the regimental goods had been boxed and stored or loaded into the freight cars for the journey.

In the hurry and confusion no one noticed the startled, wistful look in the brown eyes of a small, shaggy dog that seemed to be in every one's way at the same time.

"Drat the beast!" ejaculated the Colonel after stumbling over Jack for the seventh or eleventh time. "Get out of my way and stay out of it!" he added savagely, giving the dog a kick which sent him yelping to the middle of the road. The Colonel had no use for camp followers, not even of the canine variety, and he hoped he had thoroughly discouraged any aspirations along that line which might have been in the cur's brain.

At last the line was formed and the men filed out of the reservation gateway, closed into fours, and tramped away to the station.

All eyes were looking forward and no one noticed the ragged little cur which dropped into line as the last man passed the gate. It was Jack, the picture of despair; alone and deserted. He presented a truly pathetic appearance as he sneaked along with head and tail drooping, his big ears flopping sorrowfully, and taking advantage of every shelter lest he should attract attention.

"Boys," said Corporal Epps about this time, "I think they's one of th' crowd as missed th' train, more's th 'pity."

"Who?" demanded several at once.

"Jack."

At the mention of the name a general howl went up. Why didn't some one look after the dog? Wasn't it the quartermaster-sergeant's duty? It certainly was his or some one else's. The dog must be telegraphed for at the next station.

Just as the angry tumult was at its height, a shaggy head appeared from under a seat, followed by a shaggy body and wildly-wagging tail, and in the rush that followed Jack was held up to the astonished gaze of the men.

It was never explained how he got aboard of the train. Probably no one but he could have told; but there he was and there he remained, the joy and delight of the crowd, but always vanishing upon the entrance of an officer.

When the regiment arrived at Tampa the dog was again forgotten, but not lost. Again after all was settled for the night it seemed quite like home to see Jack's face peering into one tent after another looking for a quiet corner in which to take a nap.

It was an open secret that some one smuggled him on board the transport when the order "On to Cuba" came. After the tedious voyage, the long, hard march to San Juan was begun, and Jack trotted briskly along among the men, quite forgetting, in his joy, to keep out of sight.

Of course, he had help in fording the deep streams, and any soldier was willing to share a dry corner of his poncho with the exhausted little dog in the wet nights that followed.

And so Jack followed his regiment to the very hour of battle, and even into the terrible conflict. How he managed to keep himself safe and sound, no one knew; but when every available man was to help carry the wounded to an improvised hospital, Jack rendered valuable service, and by persevering efforts called attention to many a poor fellow lying in the tall grass or chaparral, too feeble to make his whereabouts known. Many a poor fellow lay for hours unnoticed in the rank growth and many were never found until days after they were beyond help.

Back and forth went Jack, and more than one man in the Ninth felt the hope of life again thrilling as his homely little face thrust into his own, only to go yelping away and pulling at the first soldier he met and nagging at him until followed to the rescue. Worn out with his exertions at last, he dropped down in a shady place by the river, but had lain there only a moment when he heard a faint moan.

In a moment he was up, sniffing and whimpering about, and he soon came across the prostrate form of the Colonel lying where he had fallen in the terrific charge of the morning.

At sight of that face Jack jumped back, and, with a faint yelp of alarm, started away on a dead run, his ears laid back, his tail between his legs. But he did not go a dozen yards before he stopped short and looked around with curious eyes. That was the man he hated above all others. Once he had had the breath knocked out of him by a cruel kick in the side. The spot was tender even yet, and he trembled as he thought of the heavy shoe that had nearly crushed the life out of him. He had expected to be kicked again, and seemed greatly surprised at not receiving the impact of an army boot. Obviously something was wrong.

It was a few minutes later that a lieutenant, crawling along the line, saw Corporal Epps, a bullet through his shoulder, painfully trying to work the ejector of his Krag-Jorgenson.

"Here, Corporal, clear out for the hospital," ordered the officer. "You ain't much good now and you won't be any good at all if you don't get patched up pretty quick."

And Corporal Epps slowly dragged himself from the firing line, while his especial pet hopped about with delight on the very crest of the hill, happy at the thought that his best friend was about to go to the rescue of his worst enemy.

"Come here, you idiot," shouted the Corporal, savagely, seeing the dangerous position of the dog; "don't you know you'll get hit up there?"

As he spoke the dog gave a sharp yelp of pain, and, falling, rolled down the hill, one of his legs having been carried away by a Mauser bullet.

"I told you you'd get it, you fool!" said Corporal Epps, catching the dog up in his uninjured hand. "You ain't got as much sense as a bat, you ain't got as much sense as I have, you ain't got no sense. Now, you'll probably go 'n' croak 'fore I can git you back with me."

Thus talking to the whining canine the wounded man walked to the rear carrying the wounded dog in his arm. When they had reached the stream Corporal Epps started for the hospital tent, but Jack wanted to go the other way, and with a wriggle he literally flopped from the Corporal's arms and with many faint yelps of pain hopped away toward the thick chaparral.

"Say, are you plumb crazy?" shouted Corporal Epps, starting after the dog. "That ain't the way to the hospital. Do you think you know more about this than me?"

When Corporal Epps came up he found Jack sniffing in the face of the regimental commander and knew then why the dog had not wanted to go to the hospital. Hastily calling the boys to go for the stretcher, Corporal Epps sat down by his Colonel and by liberal uses of water and the officer's brandy flask soon saw that his patient was wholly conscious, although weak from loss of blood. As soon as the men came up with the stretcher the Colonel was made comfortable and the detail started back, accompanied by a whining little figure, trying to drag itself along on three legs.

"One of you boys put that cur out of his misery," murmured the Colonel. "I can't bear to see a dumb beast suffer."

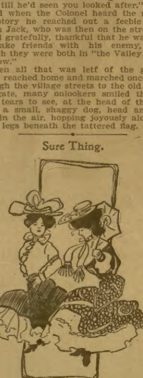
A soldier brought his rifle to his shoulder and was about to execute the command when Corporal Epps lifted his hand in protest.

"Don't do it, Colonel," he said; "Jack'll git well; just give him a chance. Why, only fur him you might have laid there forever and amen. But he wouldn't go to the hospital till he'd seen you looked after."

And when the Colonel heard the rest of the story he reached out a feeble hand, which Jack, who was then on the stretcher, licked gratefully, thankful that he was able to make friends with his enemy, even though they were both in "the Valley of the Shadow."

When all that was letf of the gallant Ninth reached home and marched once more through the village streets to the old garrison gate, many onlookers smiled through their tears to see, at the head of the column, a small, shaggy dog, head and tail high in the air, hopping joyously along on three legs beneath the tattered flag.

Sure Thing.



"Is he an optimist?"

"Optimist! Why, if he had been living in Noah's time, he would have told him that the flood was only going to be a passing shower."

The Wrong Kind.

His Little Son—Pa, what is a geologist?

Mr. Purseproud—A geologist, my son, is a person who is interested in the wrong kind of rocks.

YOUNG MEN
AND BOYS

Don't ruin your manhood by secret habits. My new Patented Electric Manhood Protector makes it impossible. A sure habit breaker. Permanently cures lost vitality, varicocele, weakening drains, etc., and restores the organs to their full strength and vigor.

This little invention can be worn undetected. It is a Godsend to men and boys. Indorsed by leading physicians. No drugs, no belt, no C. O. D. fraud. Send for illustrated book, sent free in plain sealed envelope. Strictest confidence observed.

ALLEN K. TODD, 406 16th St., Denver, Colo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

I Cure Women
OF FEMALE DISEASE AND PILES

I Will Cure You So That You Should Stay Cured—Women No Longer Need Submit to Embarassing Examinations and Big Doctor Bills.

To Show Good Faith and to Prove to You That I Can Cure You I Will Send Free a Package of My Remedy to Every Sufferer.

I hold the secret of a discovery which has seldom failed to cure women of piles or female weakness. Falling of the womb, painful menstrual periods, leucorrhea, granulation, ulceration, etc., are very readily cured by my treatment.

I now offer this priceless secret to the women of America, believing that it will effect a cure in almost any case, no matter how long you have suffered or how many doctors have failed.

I do not ask any sufferer to take my unsupported word for this, so will send you some of the medicine free. If you will send me your name and address I will mail you a trial package absolutely free, which will show you that you can be cured. Do not suffer another day but just sit down and write me for it right now.

Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box No. 25 Kokomo, Ind.

RODS For locating gold and silver, lost treasures, etc.; guaranteed: circulars 2 cts. BRYANT BROS., Box 121-37, DALLAS, TEXAS

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MOTHERS Enuresine cures Bed-wetting. Sample free. Dr F. E. May, Box 212, - Bloomington, Ill.

When Writing Mention the Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLE For LOCATING GOLD and Silver Ore, Lost or Hidden Treasures. Book and testimonials free. P. & M. AGENCY, 418 PENN STREET, READING, PA

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

RODS For locating gold and silver, lost treasures, etc.; guaranteed: circulars 2 cts. DALLAS MINERAL CO., Box 325-36, Dallas, Tex

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. B. 2, Lebanon, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

RODS The latest improved; sold under guarantee. Used for locating mines, lost treasures, etc. Cir, two cents. Address: L. A. LOWRY, P.O. Box 1801-09, DENVER, Colo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BARBERS MAKE EASY MONEY! We teach you the business thoroughly in six weeks. You can make expenses while learning. Barbers make $15.00 to $25.00 weekly. Our FREE Catalog tells all about it. Write to-day. KANSAS CITY BARBER COLLEGE. F.C.Bridgford, Prop., 503 Delaware, Kansas City, Mo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

EVERY LADY READ THIS

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhoea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address

MRS. A. HUDNUT, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MENDING TISSUE

The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages, 25 cents. Address Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STICTURE
CURED

and all unhealthy conditions of the urethra no matter of what nature, ENTIRELY REMOVED by

SKEEN'S PAINLESS STRICTURE CURE.

To prove this we send enough medicine FREE. No C. O. D. scheme. Write for free medicine and booklet on Stricture, Enlarged Prostate and Weakened Vitality.

THE D. A. SKEEN CO.,
P. O. Box 304-A, - - - Cincinnati, Ohio

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MEN AND WOMEN
CURE YOURSELF!

Trade Mark BIG G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. Price $1.00

Big G is a nonpoisonous remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Non-astringent.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BLOOD POISON

FOR NINETEEN YEARS we have made the cure of blood poison a specialty

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. Capital $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures. 100-page Book Free.

COOK REMEDY CO.
1730 MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Sorry He Spoke.

Reggy—Bah Jove, there are a lot of people who sing songs these days and don't even mean what they sing.

Miss Rose—You are right, Reggy. Last night you sung "Good-by, My Lady Love" at 10 o'clock and didn't leave until 12.

Quickly Concealed.

"My boy," said the benevolent parson, "I hope you do not hide your light under a bushel?"

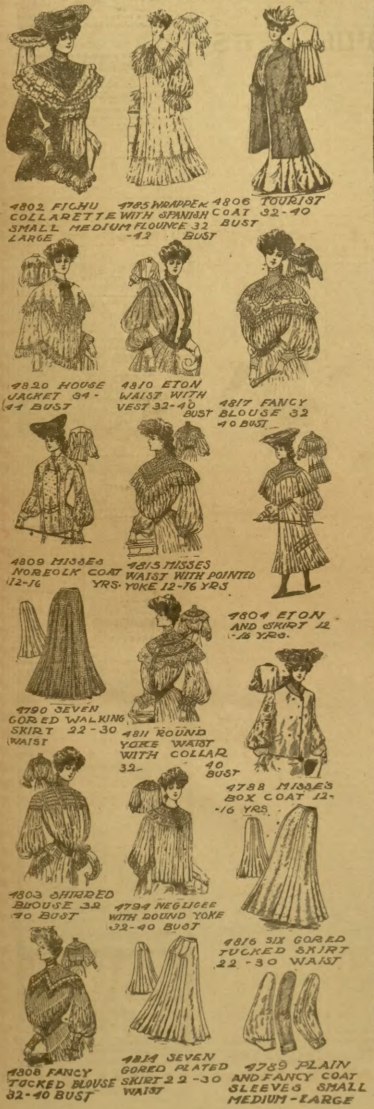
"Light?" echoed the lad who was learning to smoke in the barn. "Why, when I hear dad coming I hide the whole cigar under a bushel."

While the plotter schemes the plodder gets there.

Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. **PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.**


4802 FICHU COLLARETTE SMALL MEDIUM LARGE
4785 WRAPPER WITH SPANISH FLOUNCE 32-42 BUST
4806 TOURIST COAT 32-40 BUST
4820 HOUSE JACKET 34-44 BUST
4810 ETON WAIST WITH VEST 32-40 BUST
4817 FANCY BLOUSE 32-40 BUST
4809 MISSES NOREOLK COAT 12-16 YRS.
4815 MISSES WAIST WITH POINTED YOKE 12-16 YRS
4804 ETON AND SKIRT 12-16 YRS.
4790 SEVEN GORED WALKING SKIRT 22-30 WAIST
4811 ROUND YOKE WAIST WITH COLLAR 32-40 BUST
4788 MISSES BOX COAT 12-16 YRS.
4803 SHIRRED BLOUSE 32-40 BUST
4794 NEGLIGEE WITH ROUND YOKE 32-40 BUST
4816 SIX GORED TUCKED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST
4808 FANCY TUCKED BLOUSE 32-40 BUST
4814 SEVEN GORED PLATED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST
4789 PLAIN AND FANCY COAT SLEEVES SMALL MEDIUM-LARGE

WANTED Strong Young Men for **Firemen and Brakemen** on all railroads. Firemen average $65 monthly, become Engineers and average $125. Brakemen average $60, become conductors and average $105. Name position preferred. Send stamp for particulars. RAILWAY ASSOCIATION, Room 15, 227 Monroe St, Brooklyn, N.Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Boys' Names Wanted

THE STAR MONTHLY wants names and addresses of bright boys between 12 and 20 years of age. We want to get them interested in our beautiful illustrated magazine of boys' stories, which has a circulation of 150,000 copies monthly. It is 10 years old. It is the boy's companion; it plays baseball and football with him. It coasts, skates, swims, camps, hunts and fishes with him. It goes to school or to work with him. It chats with him about his future, his ambition to get on in the world. It teaches him how to build his head, heart and body. It has departments on athletics, carpentry, games, puzzles, amateur journalism, mechanism, photography, coin, stamp and curio collecting; prize awards in each department. It never has less than 32 large pages, profusely illustrated, and printed on fine polished book paper. It contains fine stories and handsome illustrations and each month awards a large number of valuable prizes to subscribers. Send us plainly written names and addresses of 12 boys you know and enclose 12 two-cent stamps or a silver quarter and we will enter you as a paid subscriber for one year in advance.

The STAR MONTHLY
3 YEARS FOR $1.00

THE STAR MONTHLY, Dept. 46, OAK PARK, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

"Opportunityville"

That is the descriptive name given to South Dakota by Collier's Weekly, and it is a true one. Here is something else it says: "The spirit of South Dakota is the 'go-ahead' spirit. It is the State of fair play. It is a State of good farms, good homes, good schools and good roads."

Low rates to Opportunityville via the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

One fare plus $2 for the round trip from Chicago to all points in North and South Dakota on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, September 6 and 20, October 4 and 18, November 1 and 15, December 6 and 20. Better make a note of these low rate excursions and arrange to secure a homestead early.

A book on South Dakota for two cents' postage.

For Free Books and Folders kindly Fill Out This Coupon and mail today to

F. A. MILLER, G. P. A., The Railway Exchange, Chicago.

Name..

Street Address..

City........................State........................

Probable Destination..

175-9

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.

GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. I agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc. Yours truly,

Name..

Street........................ *Town*........................

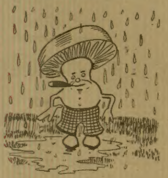
Date........................ *State*........................

Legend of the Mushroom.

I.
An umbrella went out strolling
Many centuries ago;
Of course a rain was falling hard,
For that's his time, you know.

II.
He was merely out for pleasure,
So he wandered on his walk
Till he came upon a marshy wood
And there he stopped to talk.

III.
He talked with birds and flowers, too,
And also with the trees,
To whom he twice confided
That he hoped it wouldn't freeze.



IV.
He told them of his fondness
For the many kinds of rain,
Which he observed quite wisely, too,
Came all the way from Spain.

V.
He said his greatest sorrow was
That he had missed the flood,
But all the time he chatted on
He sank deeper in the mud.

VI.
And there he stuck till he took root—
Which makes it all quite plain—
He was turned into a mushroom
For standing in the rain.

The Seagull a Weatherwise Bird.

The seagull makes a splendid living barometer, according to the Lahore Tribune. If a convoy of seagulls fly seaward early in the morning sailors and fishermen know the day will be fine and the wind fair, but if the birds keep inland—though there be no haze hanging out toward the sea to denote unpleasant weather—interested folk know that the elements will be unfavorable.

$5.50 STEM WIND DUST PROOF STEM SET

ACCURATE AND DURABLE.

Genuine American movement, plainly marked 17 Jeweled. Adjusted. Nickel. Quick-train. Red ruby Jewels, in raised gilded settings. Exact model of movement required by Engineers and Railway employes. This movement in our 4-ounce LUZON SILVER, open-face, DUST AND DAMP PROOF case, which will retain its color and WEAR A LIFE TIME, is the best value known for Railway Men, Mechanics, Laborers, Farmers, Boys, and those requiring a strong and durable watch. CUT AD OUT. Give Post-office and Express Office. We send C.O.D. with privilege of examination at SPECIAL PRICE, $5.50 and express charges, with GOLD-FILLED CHAIN included. Order at once (Allen & Co. are reliable—Ed.) Address, ALLEN & CO., Wholesale jewelers. 8 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

DEFENDER SAFETY RIFLE Great Sport

Harmless, Powerful, Nicely Made. Shoots rubber balls. Only 70c prepaid, including rubber ball. Guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Send for Illustrated Catalog, free. E. T. CORNEAU & CO., 38 River St., Chicago

When Writing Mention the Chicago Ledger.

UNIFORMS

For BANDS, SCHOOLS, FIREMEN, MILITARY and all others. Send for Catalogue and mention style wanted as we publish several lists. WESTERN UNIFORM CO. 224 Clark Street Chicago Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED

Our wonderful Egyptian Hair Destroyer removes the superfluous and unsightly growths of hair on the face, neck or arms, which disfigure so many otherwise fair women. It acts quickly. It acts effectively. It is permanent. Three applications of this marvelous destroyer and the embarrassing, detested hairs are gone forever. Absolutely harmless. Satisfaction guaranteed. Full directions with each order. Only 50c postpaid. 50 CTS. L. H. GEORGE & CO., 80 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WETO GRAPH

The Great Secret Writing System

FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS

Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Some Little Misses.

This Miss is unhappy—misfortune.

This Miss is not always honest—misappropriate.

This Miss is uncivil and ill-bred—misbehave.

This Miss wastes time and money—misspent.

This Miss should be shunned by the traveler—misguide.

This Miss gives unreliable information—miscall.

This Miss meets with ill-luck and delay—misadventure.

This Miss can destroy the peace of a nation—misrule.

This Miss is an uncertain correspondent—misdirect.

This Miss makes trouble wherever she goes—misdoing.

This Miss causes sorrow to her mother—misconduct.

This Miss does not value her friends—misappreciate.

This Miss is distrustful of human nature—misanthrope.

These three Misses are untruthful—misrepresent, misinterpret, misstate.

Very Valuable Beasts.

According to Herr Seeth, the value of an untrained lion is from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars. When they are trained they are worth more. "If," said he, "you were to put $10,000 down on that table I would not sell my pet 'Menelik'— he is so intelligent and good-natured and understands every word I say.

"Lions are very much like children—with most of them kindness is the only thing; but here and there you get one that is bad-tempered and must have the whip. I have ten men to help me, but I find it best to feed the lions myself and do most things for them. Every morning immediately after breakfast I go in to see how they are and brush them down."

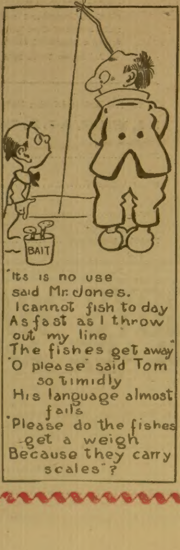
"They are jealous creatures. If I pat 'Menelik' too much the others become unhappy; so that I have to go and pat them too."

"Altogether I have trained 300 lions."

A Change of Climate.

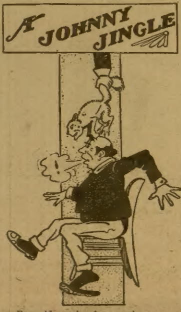
As I was making some small ginger cakes, I expressed the fear that I had rolled the dough too thin.

Little Margaret, who was standing near, said: "Never mind, Aunt Mamie, they'll fat up all right when they get in the stove."—Little Chronicle.



The Careful Bunny.

Bunny went into a chemist's fine shop,
And up to the counter he came with a hop.
"Good day, Mister Chemist," he said, "do
you see
Those pills in your window? Please give
some to me."
"Oho," said the man, "those are moth
balls, not pills.
They never would cure you, I'm sure, of
your ills."
"I know all about them. Dear me! I
declare!
'Tis stupid to have to explain to you,
sir;
I take them to keep the moths out of my
fur!"



Poor old grandpa for a week
In a whisper had to speak.
Johnny helped him find his tongue,
Kitty from the roof he swung.
Grandpa gave a rousing cheer—
Johnny's such a clever dear!

Trick Elephants.

A famous elephant trainer gave a little talk to some of the boys the other day.

Elephants, he said, are like the Russians in one respect—they like languages and learn to understand orders given in English, German, French and other tongues.

This is very nice, for when in London the orders can be given in English; when in Paris they can be given in French, and when in Berlin they can be given in German.

You boys and girls all know the "pillar-to-post" performance, in which the elephant is required to walk up an inclined platform and step upon some tall pillars.

Well, some of the elephants are inclined to become nasty when their turn comes to stand on top of the poles.

It seems that these poles are slippery, and the elephants do not care to risk a fall. But a little resin spread on the ground for them to rub their feet in works wonders! And they no longer hesitate to perform the trick.

A strange thing about elephants is that although on some parts of their bodies they can stand any amount of thrashing with a heavy whip without feeling the least bit of pain, they are extremely ticklish! The least little tickle from one of your fingers will make an elephant fairly scream.

Most trainers know this fact, and one clever trainer made use of it once when he was trying to teach an elephant to "sing" (that is, to obey the command 'sing" by emitting a peculiar, shrill scream).

Now, this elephant, who was usually very fond of trumpeting, was very stubborn when called on to sing. Not a sound would she make, although she knew very well what was wanted of her.

At last one day the trainer, just as he gave her the order "Sing!" made a motion as if intending to tickle her. Instantly a scream came from her that delighted the trainer's heart.

And from that day on he had no further trouble with her. All he had to do was to make a tickling motion with his fingers.

Bright Saying.

My little sister, less than 5 years old, was watching her mother prepare the cream for churning, when a fly dropped into the cream. As her mother was getting it out the little girl said:

"Mamma, we don't want to churn it up and make a butterfly out of it, do we?"

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

PROF. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 CEDAR ST., N.Y.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CUPID'S LOVE DROPS "A Perfume" that wins the admiration of Either Sex. Package with full directions 10c, 3 for 25c. LOCK BOX 4, HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. GUARANTEED. BOOKLET FREE. BYRON FIELD & CO. 182 STATE STREET CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

GOLD TEETH THE LATEST FAD. FILL YOUR own Teeth. A gold plated shell that fits any tooth. Easily adjusted. Removed at will. Looks like regular dentist's work. Fools them all. 10c EACH or 12 for 60c. D. D. FARGO MDSE. CO., Frenchtown, N. J.

When Writing Mention the Chicago Ledger.

WHISKEY HOW TO MAKE FINE OLD WHISKEY for less than 23 CENTS A GALLON by mixing a few drugs. Lager Beer 5c a gallon. No still or other machinery needed. These recipes have raised many a poor man to fame & fortune. Full Particulars FREE. N. D. Lewis & Co., 510 Jackson St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

LADIES Our catalogue explains how we teach hairdressing, manicuring, facial treatment, chiropody or electrolysis quickly; mailed free. Write nearest Branch. Moler System of Colleges, Chicago, Ills., St. Louis, Mo., Cincinnati, Ohio, New Orleans, La., or Omaha, Nebr

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

GINSENG $25,000.00 made from half acre. Easily grown in Garden or Farm. Roots and seeds for sale. Send 4c. for postage and get booklet C. O., telling all about it. McDOWELL GINSENG GARDEN, JOPLIN, MO.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

ROYALTY PAID ON SONG-POEMS and Musical Compositions. We arrange and popularize. PIONEER PUB CO., 626 Baltimore Bldg., CHICAGO, - - ILL.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SONGS [illegible] ANY RAG—latest rag-time Coon song, also a WATCH CHAIN AND CHARM prize ticket, a $1.00 due BILL and 50 other up-to-date SONGS WITH MUSIC, 10 CENTS. STAR SONG CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

20th CENTURY WONDER BOOK

This book contains hundreds of wonderful things such as Fortune-telling, Puzzles, Dreams, Charm Omens, Lucky Signs, Astrology, Verses, Love Tokens, Physiology, Psychology. It is filled with valuable thin . Don't buy fa , This is the genuine. One book by mail, postpaid, 10 cents, 3 for 25 cts. Address

BLADAN LEJUR, Room 401, Boyce Building, CHICAGO, ILLS.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FREE To introduce Woman's World in your home we make you a present appreciated by every lady. Woman's World has a circulation of 800,000 and is the best high-class illustrated magazine ever published at a popular price. Send only ten cents, our special rate for a five months' trial subscription, and we will send Woman's World for five months, and you will get FREE by return mail TEN beautiful designs and patterns—the centerpiece, photo frame, three large doilies and napkin ring—216 square inches of fine linen stamped with the latest designs as illustrated below; also the fine Battenberg handkerchief, collar, tie-end, etc., shown above—all different—all ready to work—216 square inches more—and all ABSOLUTELY FREE—IN ALL 432 SQUARE INCHES. Send 25 cents and we will send Woman's World one year and all the premiums mentioned above; also 15 yards of fine laces. Address,

WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. 14, CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.